

THE LIVING AGE.

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LAZARUS.

["Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things."]

Still he lingers, where wealth and fashion
Meet together to dine or play.

Lingers, a matter of vague compassion,
Out in the darkness across the way;
Out beyond the warmth and the glitter,
And the light where luxury's laughter rings,
Lazarus waits, where the wind is bitter,

Receiving his evil things.

Still you find him, when, breathless,
burning

Summer flames upon square and street,

When the fortunate ones of the earth
are turning

Their thoughts to meadows and meadowsweet;

For far away from the wide green valley,

And the bramble patch where the whitethroat sings,

Lazarus sweats in his crowded alley,

Receiving his evil things.

And all the time from a thousand rostrums

Wise men preach upon him and his woes,

Each with his bundle of noisy nostrums

Torn to tatters 'twixt ayes and noes;

Sage and Socialist, gush and glamour,

Yet little relief their wisdom brings,

For there's nothing for him out of all the clamor,

Nothing but evil things.

Royal Commissions, creeds, convictions,

Learnedly argue and write and speak,

But the happy issue of his afflictions

Lazarus waits for it week by week.

Still he seeks it to-day, to-morrow,

In purposeless pavement wanderings,
Or dreams it, a huddled heap of sorrow,

Receiving his evil things.

And some will tell you of Evolution

With social science thereto: and some

Look forth to the parable's retribution,

When the lot is changed in the life to come,

To the trumpet sound and the great awaking,

To One with healing upon His wings
In the house of the many mansions making

An end of the evil things.

In the name of Knowledge the race grows healthier,

In the name of Freedom the world grows great,

And men are wiser, and men are wealthier,

But—Lazarus lies at the rich man's gate;

Lies as he lay through human history.
Through fame of heroes and pomp of Kings,

At the rich man's gate, an abiding mystery,

Receiving his evil things.

Alfred Cochran.

The Spectator.

THE GOLDEN BIRDS.

Ah! the long hours of waiting
Before the blessed Morn,
When Night broods on the tree-tops
And Nature sighs forlorn;
Ah! in these hours of darkness
Illusion's veil is torn,
And bats fly in the night-time
Before the blessed Morn,

Ah! the dread hours of silence,
When Hope with drooping wings
Sits staring through the darkness,
While gray imaginings
Come creeping through the shadows:
When Sleep no longer brings
The opiate branch of comfort
To banish cruel things.

Ah! now the long-sought daybreak
Comes floating on the breeze,
And Hope looks up from weeping.
Rejoicing as she sees
The bats fly from the sunlight,
While joyful in the trees
The Golden Birds of morning
Make music with the bees.

G. S.

The Academy.

ARNOLD BENNETT: AN APPRECIATION.

Opposite the title-page of Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest tale will be found printed a list of its author's various works. It runs to an imposing length, and evidences a career of uncommon industry. Mr. Bennett is still only forty-three years of age, and had turned thirty before he published his first book. Yet he has already to his name a dozen novels, seven fantasies, so called, two sets of short stories, eight volumes labelled "belles lettres," and a couple of stage-plays, besides a collection of "polite farces." If to these we add two romances, as they are described, in the composition of which Mr. Eden Phillpotts assisted, Mr. Bennett's output amounts altogether to some thirty-four volumes. The impression of strenuous labor such statistics produce on the mind is intensified when we remember that all through his years of authorship the novelist of the Five Towns has been actively employed in journalism, performing for five years the duties of a dramatic critic, and writing even now a weekly literary causerie, and also when we reflect that the more ambitious examples of Mr. Bennett's art happen to be among the longest of modern novels. In the appreciation of this indefatigable craftsman which follows I shall not attempt to cover all the books to which he has put his signature, but shall content myself with selecting for mention representative specimens of his work in its different modes. If any justification were needed for this policy, it is supplied by the fact that not a few of Mr. Bennett's writings may be classed as journalistic writings. Some of his essays, for instance, offer information or criticism on matters of but momentary significance. Again, there are stories of his—sensational stories—which

were obviously produced more to please the public than the novelist himself; I think we may rightly call that sort of fiction journalistic. It is good journalism, of course, for Mr. Bennett is never less than thorough in anything he attacks; but it may be left out of account in any consideration of him as a serious artist. His claim to be in the front rank of our younger novelists depends on a relatively small group of books in which, with a minuteness of detail that is curiously insistent, with a realism that is as meticulous as it is convincing, he has reconstructed for us the town life and types of the Potteries under the Victorian era. "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger"—these and one or two others are the foundations on which his fame rests, solid and secure.

It is characteristic of Mr. Bennett's self-confidence that he should have set himself deliberately to explain in a book "How to Become an Author"¹ (very sound and serviceable advice he gives), and it is no less characteristic of him that he should urge the novice to accommodate himself to, and compromise with, his readers. Certainly, if he was to square theory with his own practice, Mr. Bennett was bound to enter his protest against artistic intransigence. For, like Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Wells at times, he has not scrupled to keep the pot boiling by such compromises, and yet has been able, like his comrades, to remain true to his ideals. His complacency, to be sure, did not lack cunning. If he granted concessions to his patrons in early days, it was only to impose on them his own notions later on. Not all authors can afford to take such a risk. There are

¹ "How to Become an Author." By Arnold Bennett. (Pearson.)

men who must write in their own way, and cannot make any sacrifice to popular taste if they are to retain their consciences. There are others who adopt the course of providing the public with "what the public wants," only to discover eventually that their capacity for achieving any nobler aim has somehow disappeared. There lies the danger of being too indulgent to the moods of the "great beast"; doing the second best may impair a faculty for doing the best—the material may react on the artist. Mr. Bennett in his time has written plenty of "popular" fiction, but he could always switch off his Muse, at will, to the service of serious art. His first book struck the note of high endeavor. It may well have contained, I should think, some autobiographical material. Though it was called "The Man from the North,"¹ it was pretty plainly about a man from the Midlands, and described affecting the loneliness of a provincial, friendless amid the millions of London. But the next novel was frankly sensational. In "The Grand Babylon Hotel"² Mr. Bennett beat the mystery-mongers on their own ground. And yet just about the same time he must have been at work on the first of his splendidly vital studies of the Five Towns.³ How has he contrived to keep the two sides of his fiction so long in tandem? Partly, I conceive, through his exceptional will-power. The most methodic of writers, he has trained himself, when at his desk, to act like a machine. Partly through his never permitting himself the least relaxation of style. You will not light upon a single slovenly phrase in "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; its language is as carefully wrought as that of "Clayhanger." Moreover, Mr. Bennett has

the knack in his sensational novels of getting hold of spacious ideas. Thus, *à propos* of the Babylon he makes his readers realize the huge population housed in a fashionable West End hotel; he shows them the finesse needed to manage such a concern; he forces them to apprehend imaginatively how isolated is the individual guest in such a place. So in "Buried Alive" it is no ordinary man who, according to him, lets himself be supposed to be dead, but a world-renowned painter, whose imposture sets all sorts of incalculable events in motion. Even on this class of fiction Mr. Bennett leaves his special mark.

But there is a world of difference between the stories of the Five Towns and the other Arnold Bennett novels. It is just the same sort of difference as divides Trollope's *Barset Chronicles* from his other books, only that it is more considerable. Indeed, we might trace rather marked resemblances between Anthony Trollope and the author of "Clayhanger" in certain respects, notably in their methods of work, the regularity of their writing habits, their readiness to turn out thousands of words in a day. Trollope, however, did nearly equal his Barchester stories in later works; Mr. Bennett is not the same man away from the Potteries. They give quality to his novels—depth and certainty of effect, roundness of characterization, color and vivacity, along with a hardly definable intimacy of touch. I have heard that a wit once remarked that he believed Paris was one of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns, and I acknowledge that the Paris chapters in "The Old Wives' Tale" are picturesquely done—the execution scene and the descriptions of the siege in particular. But I must own, for myself, that in reading the book I was glad to be taken back to Staffordshire, and felt as if Mr. Bennett gained renewed strength, like Antæus, as soon as he

¹ "The Man from the North." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (John Lane.)

² "The Grand Babylon Hotel." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

³ "Anna of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

touched his mother earth. How much the novelist owes to the county of his birth I doubt if even he fully grasps. Happy are those authors whose lot it has been to be born in the maligned provinces! There, at any rate in the Victorian days, changes came but slowly, old customs and old faiths survived, eccentrics and "characters" abounded, the patriarchal rule and domestic discipline still existed, dialect was spoken, local pride and local conservatism were rampant, old institutions, many of them abominable, such as the industrial slavery of children, had not been abolished. The superficial distinctions between men and men were scored more deeply than now, there was less uniformity, we fondly believe at least, in type, and with more squalor and harshness were perhaps more sturdy virtues. The novelist who was brought up in such a corner of England, and could either watch or learn from others about the narrow life of his own or his father's times, had an enviable opportunity. For it is the things unconsciously seen and heard in childhood which leave the most lasting impressions on a sensitive mind. Mr. Arnold Bennett's mind must have been sensitive, and his memory retentive, with the result that he can call up for us pictures of the daily life of the Potteries in his youth and in his parents' time which give the idea of being extraordinarily vivid and actual. With no other material is he ever likely to produce the same effects, for here he is drawing on records not deliberately collected with an eye to "copy," but carelessly accumulated in the most receptive period of existence. Mr. Bennett is indebted to Staffordshire for more than the subject-matter of his novels; from its stock he derives the tenacity and self-reliance and sanity of outlook which are revealed in his writings, as well as a rather odd vein of humor. But for

his readers the main recommendation of his Midland origins is that he is able thereby to afford them a fresh view of life and human nature, to exhibit these in an unfamiliar setting, and, by a magic of his own, to make what to the average observer would have seemed commonplace and drab profoundly interesting and full of variety.

To analyze Mr. Bennett's technique is by no means easy. It is a matter of the multiplication of detail, and seems to betray the influence of Russian models. With stroke added to stroke the author proceeds till he has brought up before our eyes, first his leading figure or figures, next the family and shop or factory, then the street and neighborhood and local society. But all the time you are looking at the microcosm thus gradually developed through the medium of one or more temperaments. Mr. Bennett will not be hurried over his detail. He insists on displaying every stage of the process that leads to a resolve or a clash of wills. His characters are sometimes a piteously long time dying—old Clayhanger, for example. In such a case as this the novelist is prepared to trace the development of physical or mental decay with an emphasis on pathological symptoms that causes the reader, no less than the invalid's son, Edwin, many a shudder. It would be absurd to style Mr. Bennett's method photographic, yet it deals with innumerable small things. I am not sure that half its success does not depend on the author's leaving nothing out. He is singularly precise and microscopic in his observation. He cannot take you for a chance call into a jeweller's shop, which you will never see again, without giving you an inventory of what is contained in the counter and glass cases. That is an extreme instance, but is tell-tale. In his account of how it is possible to become an au-

thor, Mr. Bennett is strong in his denunciation of the episode, yet in "Clayhanger" he himself supplies a glaring illustration of what he has condemned. The whole section which describes with such pathos and flashlight intensity the experiences the elder Clayhanger had passed through as a child forced to work from daybreak in an underground factory, is wholly episodic, and *Punch* made great fun not so long ago, with this chapter as its text, over what it suggested was Mr. Bennett's habit of parenthesis. Yet no reader with any sense of beauty or pity would wish this retrospective section away, the more so as it throws a valuable and, indeed, much-needed light on the relations of father and son, and the jealousy the old man feels as he compares the joylessness of his youth with the comforts and education Edwin has enjoyed. And that is a good sample of the difficulties which beset the critic who tries to pick holes in Mr. Bennett's technique. It is obvious, he may say, that "Clayhanger" ought to be half as short as it is, and that "The Old Wives' Tale" could do with compression. He may urge, and quite rightly, that the novelist should be more selective, and use the blue pencil more resolutely on his work. Mr. Bennett's art would be all the better if he could in these two cases have kept only the strictly representative scenes, and discarded much to which he has devoted loving labor. I am afraid it is true that he leaves his scaffolding on view without any sense of shame. But is it much use quarrelling with a novelist's method when it is so deliberately adopted as is Mr. Bennett's, and when it is so successful? For when all is said, this author manages somehow to secure what he aims at—the suggestion of realism—as well as much besides—thus an individual interpretation of life, and

at any rate his detail is always made interesting and contributory to the general scheme.

When we come to examine the result produced by this mass of detail, there can be little doubt, it seems to me, about that. Emphatic as is Mr. Bennett the critic on a story being the first requisite of fiction, it is life itself, rather than a story, which he presents to us as a novelist in his best work. The pageant of life, from its early promise to its eclipse in decline and death—that is his subject, and surely it is big enough. Because the subject is so admirably covered in "The Old Wives' Tale," because the novel becomes an epic, as it were, of true, as distinct from sham realism, of Balzac's and Maupassant's, as distinct from Zola's realism, I regard the story of the Baines' sisters, who met with such different destinies, as far and away the completest and most striking thing Mr. Bennett has done. "Clayhanger," clear cut as is its battle between the old and the young, suffers from being but the first part of a trilogy, and from possessing a heroine whose personality is in the clouds and whose marriage to a man other than the one she loves is a mystery "to be explained in our next." "The Old Wives' Tale" labors under no such disadvantages. Within the range of a single novel we watch the progress of two girls from the age of fifteen till they sink into their graves. All the routine of the household and the shop, saddled with an invalid proprietor, is brought out as the tale gathers momentum. A typical section of the shop-keeping life of the Five Towns is spread out before our gaze. Then we are asked to watch the careers of the sisters. The one, hot-blooded and adventurous, ruins her chances by eloping with a contemptible sensualist, and has to pay for her folly

⁵ "Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. Methuen.)

⁶ "The Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

by spending all her best years in running a boarding establishment under the Second Empire, and slowly amassing money enough to justify her in returning home. The other girl marries a worthy tradesman, becomes a widow and the mother of a not too affectionate but mildly talented son, and drifts into a groove. The sisters join company, make allowances, but get rather badly on each others' nerves, and it is a relief to the gentle Constance when Sophia, who tries hard to make her move out of her stuffy house, dies with a rather tragic suddenness. There you have one of Mr. Bennett's most urgent morals—the difference between the spring and the winter of life. Sophia is so full of vitality in her youth, Constance so sweet and good-natured; at the end both have become fussy old women who are fluttered and rendered miserable by the moods of a maid-servant. Disillusionment is the key-note of the novels; the revolt of youth against age furnishes their drama. Conceive the young rebelling against the tyranny of their elders, and then picture youth becoming old in its turn and bewildered before the assault of the next generation, and you have the secret of the irony of Mr. Bennett's fiction. He is always producing that effect, and time cannot stale its pertinency. The piquancy of it is accentuated if the novelist can contrive, as Mr. Bennett can contrive, to hint at the costumes, the fashions, the politics, the literary interests of each particular decade. He makes no mistake on these points, and so we obtain from him a history of the Midlands under the Victorian reign which is as exact and pungent as Mr. Wells's description of the southern suburbs of London in the same era provided in "The New Machiavelli."

Still, Mr. Bennett can write of the Potteries in lighter vein (the mere fact of that makes me hope he will

reconsider his resolution of ceasing to deal with them on the conclusion of the Clayhanger trilogy). He does not always look at life from the standpoint of the grave. He can see and share in "The Grim Smile of the Five Towns."⁷ In one of the short stories to which he gives that title he refers rather self-consciously to a particular class of joke which appeals to his fellow-countrymen of the Midlands, and wonders whether it will carry with a larger audience. It concerns a quixote who, in consequence of a youthful misadventure, found himself saddled with the maintenance of his half-brother, and was anticipated in love and other ways by a cub who never raised a finger to earn his own living. This struck the inhabitants of the Potteries as funny. Mr. Bennett professed a doubt as to whether Londoners would see matters in the same light. He has grown more courageous, for in his latest novel, "The Card,"⁸ which is an uproarious farce, he has perpetrated a joke which is of the genuine Staffordshire pattern. "Cards" are eccentric but successful persons on whose actions it is never possible to count. Derry Machin was a "card" of that sort. He was an adventurer who somehow or other knew by instinct when to take the bold course. A laundress's son, he won a scholarship at the local endowed school by cheating, and he was never too scrupulous in after years. He took certain rent-collecting out of his employer's hands. He advanced loans to slum-tenants. He exploited a lifeboat at Llandudno. He started a thrift club in his native town, which had perilous adventures, but eventually brought him safe returns. He introduced himself to a local countess, and won her favor by a carefully arranged chapter of acci-

⁷ "The Grim Smile of Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

⁸ "The Card." By Arnold Bennett. 6s (Methuen.)

dents. He made one mistake in love, and just in time transferred his affections to the most suitable of future wives. And by the most audacious of coups he became Mayor—the youngest Mayor on record—of his native town. His is the sort of career which the average townsman of the Potteries admires, and thinks amusing as well as clever. Bennett works out his history on humorous lines, and it is in its way very laughable. But he has carried through a much better joke in his play, "What the Public Wants."⁹ Its dialogue is brilliantly incisive. The initial situation, which shows a great newspaper director confronted with friends who dislike the standard of taste adopted by his journals, is repeated with variations throughout the four acts. Again and again the policy of "What the Public Wants" is confronted with common decency, the demands of art, the matter of public morals, and the comfort of private persons. But the piece, though extremely diverting, is, of course, a key-play, to vary the label *roman-à-clef*, and its one purpose is to satirize, as it does aptly and mordantly, a newspaper millionaire of the hour. The only other play which Mr. Bennett has had staged, "Cupid and Common Sense"¹⁰ is a version of "Anna of the Five Towns." It is effective enough for three acts, but the last act, which aims at pointing the moral of the disillusionment of romantic love, misses fire, because it requires a break in the action and brings on characters that during the interval have lost their stage identity.

Mr. Bennett is a humorist, but in no sense is he gay. His comic mood is always associated with satire. His essays entitled "Fame and Fiction"¹¹ are in all truth amusing, but they are

ferocious attacks upon "certain popularities." On women novelists of the day he is ruthlessly bitter and yet not unfair; he acknowledges their good points. There is indeed an element of hardness about his attitude towards life, as well as towards its interpreters. Love is for him a passion that is sure to end in disappointment, and the "common sense" which sacrifices it to material advantages has his sympathy. He does not sentimentalize this passion any more than he does the pathos of age. The old he makes lag, like veterans, superfluous on the stage. There is a piteous example of this in "The Old Wives' Tale," where an old lady is described as promising to a young couple presents they do not want, and they smilingly murmur "Poor old thing!" Age, I fear, does not obtain from Mr. Bennett its proper meed of respect and indulgence. Alike towards the old and towards love he is unromantic, and echoes the opinions of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Nor will he allow any false dignity to death. Constance Baines's husband may not in his coffin escape criticism; his beard stood out in a perky, tiresome way even when the undertakers began their job. So, again, Mr. Bennett is sometimes a little bitter in his references to religion. What I have heard through Staffordshire relatives of the enthusiasm of Methodism in the 'sixties and 'seventies makes me dubious about accepting some of his pictures of chapel life in those decades. In point of fact, Mr. Bennett is a realist of great imaginative power. We must not look to him perhaps for poetry or romance. But if we can bear the prose of life refracted through a very practical and unillusioned temperament, we may trust him about that confidently.

F. G. Bettany.

⁹ "What the Public Wants." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

¹⁰ "Cupid and Common Sense." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. (Frank Palmer.)

The Bookman.

¹¹ "Fame and Fiction: An Inquiry into Certain Reputations." By E. A. Bennett. (Grant Richards.)

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON AND ITS SURRENDERS TO GERMANY.

The controversy as to the Declaration of London has now been in progress for a year, but as yet it cannot be said that any convincing defence of that new code of sea law has been produced. In many cases the advocates of the Declaration have been content merely to appeal to authority. Sir Edward Grey, they say, and the negotiators of the Declaration are able and patriotic men. What they have accepted cannot be bad for the nation. Therefore the Declaration of London is good. It is a simple syllogism. But it is open to two serious objections. In the first place, the Declaration of London does not represent the views of Sir Edward Grey. That may be seen by examining his instructions to the British delegates at the Hague and London Conferences. The British delegates at these two Conferences were in a decided minority and were hopelessly outvoted, though the British mercantile marine represents half the tonnage of the world and the new code of laws vitally concerns it. So that this is not the code planned by Sir Edward Grey, but something imposed upon him by foreign Powers; something which he accepted, if anything, against his will, and the contentions of the opponents of the Declaration represent his original views. And in the second place, the appeal to authority is never convincing. No one in this world is infallible. The duty of the British citizen is not lazily to accept what he is told, but to search and examine for himself.

The *National Review* has never taken a partisan view on these matters; the writer has never taken a partisan view. He appeals with confidence to past articles in the *National Review* and to letters in the *Times* in 1904, criticizing

Unionist administrators when they showed weakness in defending the rights of the merchant marine and in maintaining the strength of the British Navy. He holds that this is no party issue; and he appeals to his countrymen, not as opponents of the Government, but as Englishmen.

The first count against the Declaration, and one of the gravest, is that it constitutes a terrible menace to the food-supply of our country in time of war. In the past, all food in British ships was liable to capture by hostile cruisers where that food was not the property of neutrals. But food in neutral ships was regarded as exempt from seizure except when it was destined for the armed forces of the enemy or consigned to a beleaguered fortress. Now, under the Declaration,¹ food may be treated as contraband, when

(1) It is destined not only as in the past for the armed forces of the enemy State, but also for "the administrative authorities of that State."

(2) It is addressed to the enemy authorities or to a trader established in the enemy country, and when it is notorious that this trader furnishes to the enemy objects and materials of this nature.

(3) When the destination of the consignment is to one of the enemy's fortified places or to another place serving as a base of the armed forces of the enemy.

Under the second and third conditions, the neutral is given the right of proving—if he can—before the International Prize Court which is to have the last say, that the food is not destined for the armed forces of the enemy or

¹ I ignore the Commentary of the Drafting Committee of the London Conference, as it is not part of the Declaration and therefore cannot be regarded as binding on the Powers and the New Court.

for the enemy's administrative authorities, but the whole task of proving this is thrown upon him. In any case it will help the British people little if, six months after they have been compelled to surrender by starvation, the International Prize Court rules that the enemy's seizures of neutral food-supplies were illegal and that compensation must be paid—not to the British people, but to the neutral shipowner and merchant.

Now it should be noted that these most objectionable clauses were taken from a draft submitted by the German Admiralty to our Foreign Office before the Conference of London in 1908. To prove this we set forth, for comparison, a literal translation of the two passages. The German draft will be found in Bluebook Cd. 4555 of 1909, pp. 2-7.

GERMAN DRAFT.

Article 18. "Are regarded as contraband (*i.e.* liable to seizure in neutral ships) other objects and materials (*i.e.* other than those in a specified list) which may be of use in war when they are destined for the armed forces or for the services of a belligerent state. . . ."

"There is peremptory presumption of the (hostile) destination . . . if the consignment in question is addressed to the authorities of a belligerent.

"This destination is presumed if the consignment is addressed to a trader of whom it is notorious that he furnishes to a belligerent objects and materials of this nature."

"The same presumption applies in case the destination of the consignment is to one of the fortified places of a belligerent or to another place serving as a base of operations or supplies to his armed forces."

DECLARATION OF LONDON.

Article 33. "Conditional contraband (which includes food) is liable to capture if it is shown to be destined for the armed forces or a Government department of the enemy state."

Article 34. "The destination is pre-

sumed to exist if the consignment is addressed to the enemy authorities or to a trader established in the enemy country and when it is notorious that this trader furnishes to the enemy objects and materials of this nature."

"A similar presumption arises if the destination of the consignment is to one of the enemy's fortified places or to another place serving as a base of the armed forces of the enemy."

"Made in Germany," that is the history of this menace to our food-supply; and at the Conference of London the German representative, M. Kriege, expressed the satisfaction of the German delegation at the fact that the articles in question of the Declaration had been based on the German draft. I am making no very grave charge against Germany when I say that this naturally leads us to suppose that these articles were designed to further the interests of Germany, as indeed is evident from even a cursory inspection of them. What is difficult to understand is their acceptance by a British Government.

For it cannot too clearly be understood that these clauses alter the existing law of war to our detriment. Sir Edward Grey, in his letter to the Belfast chamber of Commerce, indeed asserts that, "it is the present practice which would 'expose to capture or deliberate destruction food-supplies borne to any part of the United Kingdom in neutral vessels in time of war'; it is the Declaration of London which would forbid this practice." But any one who examines the new clauses will see that far from forbidding the "practice," they sanction it, for reasons which have already been given in a previous article—that every important port of the United Kingdom has fortifications, and every important port will in time of war, according to Sir Arthur Wilson's recent memorandum on invasion, be the station of British destroyers and submarines. And, as a matter of fact, it is *not* the present practice

to capture food consigned in neutral ships to belligerent ports. On the contrary, all the precedents are against such a practice. In 1793, Great Britain in retaliation for the action of France, directed her cruisers to capture food consigned in neutral vessels to the French ports, she being then at war with France. The United States promptly protested; the matter was referred to a mixed Commission; and this Commission decided that food was not liable to capture in these circumstances. The British cruisers obeyed the ruling. In 1885, the French Government issued a proclamation declaring rice contraband during the war with China. Again the British Government protested, but as not a single British vessel with rice on board was touched, the matter went no farther. Bismarck, however, seized the opportunity to remark in the Reichstag that the French action was "a justifiable step in war." In 1904, during the war in the Far East, Russia included provisions in her list of contraband, and seized several ships with such cargo. This was followed by the inclusion of raw cotton in the list of contraband. Action was at once taken by two Powers, Britain and the United States. Both protested against the treatment of food and cotton consigned to a belligerent port in a neutral ship as contraband; when there was no proof that they were destined for the enemy's armed forces. Lord Lansdowne, in a note of June 1, 1904 stated:

His Majesty's Government observe with great concern that rice and provisions will be treated as unconditionally contraband, a step which they regard as inconsistent with the law and practice of nations.

Mr. Hay, the American Secretary of State, on August 30 of the same year, declared a decree of the Russian Prize Court, confiscating a cargo of flour and railway material in the *Arabia*, con-

signed to private firms in Japan, as "rendered in disregard of the settled law of nations in respect of what constitutes contraband." He added:

Articles which like coal, cotton, and provisions, though of ordinarily innocent, are capable of warlike use, are not subject to capture unless shown by evidence to be exactly destined for the military or naval forces of a belligerent. . . . The Russian claim . . . is in effect a declaration of war against commerce of every description between the people of a neutral and those of a belligerent state.

Dealing with this question, Mr. Balfour, then British Prime Minister, stated to a deputation on August 25, 1904: "From the position we have taken up there is no—I will not say probability but—possibility of our receding, inasmuch as we think we stand, we know we stand upon the solid basis of International Law to be found in all the textbooks and which is in accordance with the general practice of civilized nations."

Indeed so indefensible was the position of Russia, that the Russian Government referred the matter to a commission of experts, under the presidency of Professor Martens, and as the result of the finding of that Commission fresh instructions were issued to the Russian Navy. These recognized that provisions were not contraband unless they were consigned to a belligerent Government or Government service, or the enemy's armed forces or the state contractors (*fournisseurs*). And the judgment of the Russian supreme prize court on May 2, 1905, declared that 13,300 bags of flour in the *Calchas*, a British ship which had been seized by the Vladivostock squadron, consigned to a British firm in Japan, were not contraband. But it upheld the condemnation of thirty-six bales of cotton consigned to two private Japanese firms in Kobe.

There is sufficient disproof in the

above series of precedents of Sir E. Grey's extraordinary allegation that present international practice permits the destruction of food in neutral ships. But if the British Foreign Office is not convinced, a mass of further evidence can be produced. It is remarkable, however, that the Foreign Office completely changed its mind on this issue between 1907 and 1910. For in 1907, in his instructions to Sir Edward Fry, who represented Britain at the Hague Conference of that year, Sir Edward Grey's view was that food could only be treated as contraband in neutral ships when consigned to beleaguered fortresses. Why has the British Government done what Mr. Balfour pronounced "impossible" in 1904, and receded from a position upheld by the United States in 1793 and 1904, and "in accordance with the general practice of civilized nations"? Why has it made this surrender to Germany?

It is said by some critics that the matter is not vital because in war our food will have to be conveyed in British ships, which under the existing law of nations are liable to capture and destruction. But in real fact the demands of the Navy for auxiliary and transport purposes in war will be so extensive, the tonnage required for military purposes so enormous, that our shipping will not be physically able to discharge this task. The history of the Cuban war of 1898 and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 and the expert evidence given before the Food Supply Commission will emphasize this. From fifteen to thirty per cent., and perhaps even more, of our food-supply may have to be conveyed in neutral vessels. Drive up the rate of insurance on them to an inordinate level by depriving them of all protection—for our own cruisers, as I shall shortly show, will have their hands full—and the price of our food will be immensely increased.

with the probable result of starvation to our masses.

With the law of nations as it stands, if a belligerent, such as Germany, attacks American ships laden with wheat for Britain, the German Government will hear of the matter from the United States. The fear of provoking a strong neutral will be a tremendous deterrent. But under the Declaration of London the attack is permitted, and the neutral, by accepting that Declaration, is estopped from the use of force to assert its rights at sea. How Britain gains by liberating the German cruiser captains from all fear of neutral interference might well be explained by the Foreign Office. If it be said that our captains also gain because they know what will and what will not be fair prize, the answer is that the price paid for this knowledge is far too high. Provisions can pass without let or hindrance up the Channel to Antwerp or Rotterdam on the way to the German army or navy, and the British cruisers under the Declaration cannot touch them. While our food-supplies are gravely imperilled, the German food-supplies are assured. And we are asked to throw up our arms and rejoice!

But the defenders of the Declaration attempt a reply to this. They say that food can be shipped to this country in neutral ships with safety by the simple process of consigning it to a neutral port, when it is not subject to seizure. At the neutral port it can be transhipped. Wheat, that is to say, instead of proceeding direct to Liverpool from the Argentine or the United States, would be carried to Brest or Havre or Antwerp, and there re-shipped and conveyed in British vessels under the protection of our fleets to British ports. From the practical standpoint, however, there are immense difficulties in the way of such a manoeuvre. The French ports have not

the equipment for handling and transferring cargoes of food on such a scale. Yet if the cargoes are not actually landed and transferred, the enemy will be able, under the Declaration, to seize and condemn the neutral ships for fraudulently misrepresenting their destination. Antwerp and the Dutch ports, which are better equipped for purposes of transfer, are so near Germany and so much under German control that we may expect to find every possible obstacle placed in the way of this transfer trade. So that the defence of the Declaration on this head is not in the least reassuring.

But not only are neutral ships en route to the United Kingdom to be exposed to a menace unknown in the past; British shipping throughout the world is to be exposed to a form of attack which is calculated to destroy it or inflict on it gigantic losses, with, as the certain result, a gigantic increase in the price of food and our raw materials. The new code of law contains no clause prohibiting the conversion of merchant steamers into commerce destroyers on the high seas or their retransformation from commerce destroyers into merchant ships. That is a grave fact indeed, when we know that the British Government pressed for such a clause, which is in exact accord with the international law of the past, and that its efforts failed before the opposition of Germany. For the Powers will almost certainly hold that whatever is not forbidden by the Declaration is permitted. The silence of the code is thus a confirmation of the claim which Germany, it appears, intends to assert in war.

Sir Edward Grey, in his instructions to the British representatives at the London Conference, stated two practical objections to this right of converting merchantmen into commerce destroyers on the high seas. The first was that they could seize enemy or

neutral ships without warning. The second was that they could obtain in neutral ports the hospitality and privileges which would be denied to them if they were warships. In effect, though Sir Edward Grey did not put it so bluntly, the strategic advantage which Britain possesses in her world-wide empire would be nullified, and every neutral port would be opened to German commerce destroyers, thus repairing the lack of German bases.

The peculiar gravity of this lies in the fact that the protection of British commerce in war will be a matter of the extremest difficulty, even with the present laws of war, which distinctly forbid privateering and, therefore, this conversion of merchantmen. The First Sea Lord's Memorandum on Invasion declares that "the really serious danger that this country has to guard against in war is not invasion, but interruption of our trade and destruction of our merchant shipping." Yet we are to facilitate the "interruption of our trade and destruction of our merchant shipping," by accepting a code of laws which does not prohibit a practice regarded as indefensible in the past, and which therefore allows the non-combatant without notice to transform himself into a belligerent, and at his liking to return again to the guise of the inoffensive trader—which lets loose upon our helpless merchantmen a perfect horde of maritime *De Wets*. On land the combatant who fights without proper uniform is shot. At sea, by the silence of the Declaration, every facility is granted to the German commerce destroyer which chooses to masquerade as an innocent liner or merchantman.

It is said that in any case Germany will assert this claim of hers, so that the silence of the Declaration makes matters no worse than they are. But I reply that so long as the laws of war stand as they do at present, neutrals

would admit such disguised German cruisers to their ports at their peril; and if neutrals granted them facilities the British Government would have a claim for damages and British captains would have a perfect right to steam in and sink them even in neutral waters. Further it should not be forgotten that with the existing rules, the crews of such vessels are liable to the punishment inflicted on those who violate the laws of war, which is death.

There is no disputing the fact that the plans of the British Admiralty for the defence of British commerce,—if there are any, for from Sir George Clarke's remarks in the Report of the Committee on a National Guarantee for the War Risks of Shipping it is very doubtful whether any such plans existed in the immediate past—were based on three important assumptions. The first was that an enemy in a struggle for the command of the sea could not divert any large portion of his strength to the attack on British commerce. The second was that his cruisers would speedily find themselves without coal, as no foreign Power except France possesses well-distributed coaling-stations in distant waters. The third was that these cruisers would not be able to inflict much damage, as they would have to send their prizes into the nearest national port, and would be speedily paralyzed by the necessity of providing crews for the captured ships.

The first two assumptions must be abandoned, if the conversion of merchantmen into commerce destroyers on the high seas is even tolerated. For Germany will be able to utilize a very large number of vessels for the attack of our shipping without diverting a single warship from her fighting-line. Her whole able-bodied seafaring population receives naval training, so that she has the men to work and fight her armed merchantmen. She

has twenty-eight large liners of 10,000 tons and over with a speed of fifteen knots and upwards, and at least a hundred smaller vessels of fair speed, all of which could be utilized for the attack on our defenceless liners and "tramps." "All that is necessary for the purpose is an antiquated gun that will throw a three-inch shell 250 yards;"² and it is believed that efficient small guns with a supply of ammunition are already carried in many German ships. This has been denied by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons on the ground that the presence of ammunition on board would affect the insurance rates and would never be sanctioned by underwriters. I am, however, informed by a leading underwriter that on this head Mr. McKenna is unquestionably misinformed, and that the presence of a certain quantity of ammunition, properly stowed, would not affect the insurance rate on the ships' hulls. The only difficulty that might arise would be with the authorities in various foreign ports.

In case guns and ammunition are carried in peace by German merchantmen, selected by the German Admiralty for commerce destruction, all that Germany has to do if she wants to turn loose, not one but a hundred Alabamas on British trade, is to issue telegraphic orders to the captains of these vessels. When it suits them they will bring up their guns, hoist the war flag, and fall to the work of destruction. "The helplessness of merchant steamers in time of war," says the Report already quoted, "has been very much impressed on some witnesses by their experience in the Russo-Japanese War, and it was felt that they would be 'like a flock of sheep with a wolf among them' whenever a cruiser appeared on the trade-route." As for coal, that can easily be obtained by these illegitimate

² "Report of Committee on National Guarantee for War Risks," p. 18.

commerce destroyers from neutral ports. When they want to fill up their bunkers, they need only lower the war flag, restore the guns to their hold, and steam in to the nearest neutral coaling-station.

It cannot be too clearly understood that with the present strength and distribution of the British Navy, it will be impossible to meet these attacks—if at all—until enormous mischief has been caused and vast loss inflicted. Our own merchantmen do not carry guns; of their crews a considerable proportion are aliens, and of the British subjects on board only a small proportion have received any naval training. They cannot be readily armed in our distant naval bases because there the reserves of guns and ammunition are insignificant. The British warships capable of steaming fifteen knots and over in distant waters are few and far between as the following statement of their strength at the end of last year will show: China, 6; Cape, 3; Canada, 2; Australia, 9; E. Indies, 5. These twenty-five ships will not only have to protect a long and exposed coast-line but also to patrol the interminable distances of the maritime trade-routes. A glance at the map shows that such a task will be beyond their power. Mr. McKinnon Wood asserts that if the Declaration of London is not ratified a great increase in our naval forces will be necessary. I reply that if the Declaration is ratified without a clear prohibition of the claim to turn privateers loose on British trade, an enormous increase in the number of British cruisers will be essential. We shall either have to lay down a hundred commerce protectors or to arm our merchantmen and train their crews for fighting, or to do both.

The third assumption of the British authorities, that commerce destroyers would speedily be paralyzed by the necessity of supplying prize crews for

ships captured, is proved by the war in the Far East to be incorrect, but it is not seriously affected by the Declaration. The Russian proceeding was to sink the captured ships and to place the crews from them on board neutral vessels. If the object is to cause the maximum of damage, it is attained in this way.

Another grave change in the laws of war to our injury, though it only affects us when we are neutrals, is that permitting the destruction of neutral ships by belligerent cruisers. Sir Edward Grey pressed, both at the Hague and London Conferences, for the total prohibition of this practice, which is new to naval war. In his instructions to the British delegates at the Hague, he wrote:

Great Britain has always maintained that the right to destroy is confined to enemy vessels only, and this view is favored by other Powers. Concerning the right to destroy neutral vessels, the view hitherto taken by the greater naval Powers has been that, in the event of it being impossible to bring in a vessel for adjudication, she must be released. You should urge the maintenance of the doctrine upon this subject which British Prize-Courts have, for at least 200 years, held to be the law.

Lord Lansdowne previously, in a note to the Russian Government of August 1904, had declared such a claim "contrary to acknowledged principles of international law, and intolerable to all neutrals." He had pointed out that, if admitted, it "could not fail to occasion a complete paralysis of all neutral commerce." The mere fact that Britain, who in the past was accused of carrying to an extreme limit of severity her belligerent rights at sea, had never permitted her own cruiser captains to destroy neutral ships, is the strongest possible presumption against the justice of such a claim. Yet in the Declaration of London, Article 49,

which is almost identical in its wording with an article in the German draft code submitted to our Foreign Office, allows the destruction of neutral ships when their preservation "would involve danger to the safety of the warship or to the success of the operations in which she is engaged at the time." This would cover every case of destruction of British ships in the Russo-Japanese War by Russian cruisers, so that the condition imposed in Article 51 of the Declaration that the destroyer of the vessel must "establish that he only acted in the face of an exceptional necessity contemplated in Article 49," is quite worthless as a means of protection.

Our interests in this matter are incalculably greater than those of any other Power. Our merchant shipping is half that of the world. It follows that in any future war in which we are not engaged, we shall lose enormously more in proportion than such states as Austria, Italy, Russia, France, and the Netherlands. They sacrifice little or nothing, while we imperil a vast industry. The only possible argument in defence of this disastrous concession in the Declaration is that the Unionist Government failed adequately to protect British shipping in the Russo-Japanese War and showed deplorable weakness; but even that does not justify a surrender which legitimizes a claim, never before admitted and capable of monstrous abuse. British shipowners and underwriters should note that the Declaration here again represents the German and not the British policy. They will draw the natural conclusion from this fact. The real aim of this clause is once more to give the Power without foreign possessions superior strategic advantages to those which the maritime Power with a great Empire enjoys.

We pass over the question of blockade and the restrictions imposed on a

blockading force, merely pointing out that while England may gain from these restrictions so long as she is neutral, when she is at war she will suffer severely by them. We come to the constitution of the International Prize Court. The defenders of the Foreign Office in the Press have made great play of the statement that it will be "fair" and "impartial." But all the presumptions are that it will be no more fair or impartial than the Hague Conference and the London Conference. At both these august assemblies those who fought for the humanizing of naval warfare, for the established practice, as it existed prior to the Russo-Japanese War, were worsted. From first to last the regulations adopted were such as to affect unfavorably the great oceanic and maritime Power, Britain, and to strengthen the hands of her continental enemies and rivals. Is there any reason in the nature of things to suppose that the International Court will be less biased than the Conferences? Britain, with half the shipping of the world, has one judge out of fifteen. The Triple Alliance, with less than one-third the British tonnage of shipping, has three judges, and may have five in some years. To render the Court acceptable and to restore the balance, some recognition should have been given to the Dominions. In their steamer tonnage they come sixth among the Powers. But while Colombia, Uruguay, Persia, China, Turkey, Venezuela, Peru, Servia and Switzerland have each the right of appointing one judge for one or two years in every period of six years, Canada, Australia and South Africa are ignored. Yet Servia and Switzerland have no coast-line and no mercantile marine at all. And to the rulings of this singular court we are to submit the operations of our admirals and captains in time of war, and the prosperity of our commerce when

we are neutrals and when other Powers are at war. No self-respecting Power, it has always been said, would defer to any international body, however distinguished, a question of life and death. That would be, in Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe's words, "as if two men were to agree to draw lots as to which should commit suicide in order to avoid fighting a duel." But the very questions which we are going to submit are for us questions of life and death, because we are the one great maritime Power, while for the continental states they are questions of comparatively trivial moment. The power of our Navy to hit and hurt in war and the right of our shipowners to carry on their trade are matters so vital that we cannot allow them to be protocolized and decided away by any Conference or International Court.

The justice to be expected from International Courts can be seen from one famous example. When the British trawlers were attacked and one of them sunk with loss of life in the North Sea by the Russian Baltic fleet, the question was referred to an "impartial" Commission. It found that the Russian admiral did all in his power to prevent the trawlers from being fired at; that he was justified in steaming off, leaving his victims to drown; and that there was nothing in his proceedings to discredit his humanity. No one can study the evidence and the verdict without feeling that it represented an attempt not to secure strict justice or to apply juridical methods, but one to affect a political compromise. On this decision depended the safety of neutrals and non-combatants on the high seas—a question which might have been expected to appeal most deeply to the sympathy of all the judges. The result was to barbarize the laws of war and to expose neutrals to new and terrible perils.

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Or, again, take the question of laying submarine mines on the high seas in the track of neutral shipping. The British delegates at the Hague Conference attempted to secure the prohibition of this atrocious practice, which in 1904-5 caused the death of 500 innocent neutrals. Here again one would naturally have expected fair-minded and humane representatives to support the British view. But as a matter of fact the practice was legitimized with certain of those ridiculous restrictions which, we have seen, are also a feature of the Declaration of London.

To conclude, the Declaration means a leap from the frying-pan into the fire. Because British Governments in the past have not been brave or determined enough to protect British commerce from illegitimate attacks when Britain has been neutral, we are to look to a new International Court on which we shall be in a permanent minority of one to fourteen, for protection. We allow the destruction of our ships, when other Powers are at war; we imperil our food-supplies; we expose our commerce to the deadliest form of attack; we hamper our fleets; we abandon the rules and laws of our own Prize Courts, with their six centuries of maritime experience and their high standard of justice and humanity, for a new code made in Germany, inferior in humanity and equity; on every vital point we surrender our contentions; and we treat the Dominions as though they were of less account than Persia, Colombia and Uruguay. A nation which accepts such a code deserves to become the "rich but defenceless prey" of peoples who will not sell their destiny for a mess of pottage. The Declaration of London is a lamentable proof that the spirit of Pitt and Palmerston has disappeared from British diplomacy.

H. W. Wilson

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XVII.

Martha West duly took up her residence at Strange's, and a very uncomfortable state of things ensued for all parties.

Tamsine avoided her company as much as was possible, but was conscious, like David, of every movement being watched, every word weighed; but while the man had been unpleasantly affected by the knowledge of Martha's hidden partiality, the girl was no less aware that the widow's attitude towards herself was entirely inimical. She set this down to resentment for her own interference with Sam's love affair, but the silent, unsympathetic presence was no less unpleasant, and moreover Tamsine's dread increased hourly that those watchful eyes would detect the understanding between herself and David.

"I don't dare meet you this evening," she said hurriedly to the latter on the second day after Mrs. West's arrival. "That woman's watchin' out for me all roads. She asked me last night where I'd been. If I do go out every day at the same time she'll suspect something."

"That's one reason why I were again' her bein' here," rejoined he gloomily. "But I must see ye, Tamsine. Can't ye come out tomorrow mornin' early—before she's up? She isn't such a very early riser," he added. "Do come, Tamsine—'tis lovely just about sunrise. All the ground's dewy, and the birds all singin'. 'Tis the very hour for you an' me to meet."

The novelty of the idea seemed to strike his fancy; she saw his eyes dilate and shine as though already full of the mystery of the dawn.

"Well, I'll come for once," rejoined she, "but I'll not promise every day."

"All right, then," responded he in a joyful whisper.

When Martha looked out of her window on the following morning, earlier than was her wont indeed, but at best two hours after sunrise, she was surprised to see Tamsine descend the slope of down so often alluded to, and presently enter the yard. Almost simultaneously Shepherd Cornick also approached the gate, driving up the cows from the opposite direction.

"I'm coming out in a minute," Martha heard her call to Cornick; "I'll just go and leave my cloak indoor."

"You're early a-foot," responded the shepherd suspiciously as he piloted his charges through the gate.

Martha stood back a little from the window as Tamsine entered the house, but continued to watch until she saw her emerge again, a long print pinafore covering her from head to foot, swinging her pail as she walked and singing. Her own brow lowered as she hastily concluded her toilet and descended to the kitchen, where Mrs. Cornick had not yet put in an appearance.

Tamsine's cloak of light rain-proof stuff was hanging on a peg, and Martha made her way to it directly, presently taking it in her hand and examining it closely. The hem was wet with dew, the flimsy material crumpled; as Martha held it close to her face the smell of bruised thyme greeted her nostrils.

"She's been walking in the woods," said the woman, not without a fierce triumph in her own perspicacity, "and she's been sitting on a bank where there's thyme growing—this side of the cloak is all crushed up, and—yes, that's thyme surely."

She had turned over the garment

and a faded sprig had fallen from the pocket. She sniffed at it like an animal, and then threw it from her; hanging up the cloak again, she stood motionless in the centre of the room, her brows knitted, her lips moving voicelessly.

Presently the click of the gate-latch made her start, and turning, she saw David enter the yard, his little coffee-can poised negligently on his forefinger.

She opened the house door and stood on the threshold as he approached in a leisurely manner.

"Good-morning, Mrs. West," he said genially as he caught sight of her; "you're down early."

"It's such a beautiful morning, isn't it?" she responded, eyeing him narrowly. "I was half thinking of taking a bit of a stroll before breakfast. It must be lovely in the woods."

"So I should think," remarked David, gazing at her with a faint mockery in his eyes; in spite of himself and the grave reasons he had for being disconcerted at her suspicious attitude, the element of risk was to him as the breath of his nostrils.

"Everyone seems to be early to-day," she pursued—"you're very early. You'll not get your breakfast for a bit—unless I heat up your coffee for you. But the fire isn't lit yet—Mrs. Cornick isn't down."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," returned he. "Well, I've one or two little jobs to see to out here what I can set about while I'm waiting. I'll just pop down this can out of my hand."

As Martha did not move, her tall fine figure almost filling up the narrow doorway, he was obliged to push unceremoniously past her, and she saw a little gray-green tuft protruding from his button-hole.

Having deposited his can on a corner of the dresser, he was turning to leave the kitchen when he found him-

self face to face with the widow, who had silently followed him.

"Were ye goin' to say anythin'?" he asked, noting the eager wrath of her expression.

"Not yet," said Martha in a low, measured voice; and this time she stood aside to let him pass.

"Mrs. West's got some notion o' what's goin' for'ard," he said to Tamsine later in the day, when they met for an instant in the milk house.

"I'm afraid she has, she's been lookin' at me so oddly," returned the girl. "David, do let's give over meetin' for this week. Anybody'd almost think she knew—but of course she can't. It do seem almost wicked to be thinkin' o' love-makin' under the same roof w' her."

"I think of it twice as much, then," said he, "I don't like her—there's times when I can scarce feel pity for her—"

"Nay, ye can't mean that," interrupted Tamsine, much taken aback by his tone.

"I do mean it. I don't think she do deserve much pity; I don't see why you an' me shouldn't be happy in spite o' her. You an' me must meet to-morrow, Tamsine—I'll be watchin' out for ye by the old kiln. Even if she was to come arter us, she couldn't find us there."

But even David, astute though he was, reckoned without the cunning of a jealous woman.

Martha rose before daybreak, and was watching by her window when Tamsine emerged in the pearly morning twilight. In spite of her misgivings the girl had found herself unable to withstand her lover's appeal. When he looked at her in that half-tender, half masterful way of his and said, "I'll expect you," she felt obliged to go.

Martha allowed her some minutes' grace and then started in pursuit, throwing a shawl over her head and

treading noiselessly, for her feet were clad only in stockings, and creeping from clump to clump of gorse with almost the same skill as that which David himself might have displayed.

When she saw the shadowy figure disappear in the oak copse she quickened her pace, but was for a moment at fault on entering the woodland. Several little paths wound amid the trees, leading at random as it seemed to trackless open spaces. Which of these had been chosen by Tamsine? At first she cursed her own excess of caution. Had she but followed closer on the heels of her quarry, she must have run it to earth. As it was, Tamsine might yet elude her in this wilderness.

Having followed one or two false trails without success, she returned to the spot at which she had seen Tamsine enter, and then a sudden idea came to her. The first shafts of sunshine had now penetrated the morning mists, and the short grass of the downs lay before her as a sheet of silver. There on the sparkling surface stood out a double row of footprints, Tamsine's little country shoe leaving a distinct trace, while the flat tread of her own bootless feet showed larger and more blurred in outline. Martha uttered a low, vindictive laugh; here was a sure means of hunting the quarry down.

The growing light was now searching out the remotest crannies of the wood, filtering through fir needles and oak leaves alike, tipping the rough grasses with fire, gilding the filaments of moss. Here was a winding path apparently strewn with jewels, and here, clearly-marked, were the tell-tale footprints leading into the very heart of the wood.

Martha pressed on with glowing eyes and heaving bosom, threading her way in and out among the trees and halting abruptly when, at a fork in the path, she descried the trace of other footprints, larger and set apart at a

distance which marked a swinging stride which she seemed to know.

She pressed her clasped hands against her breast and fixed her nether lip firmly with her teeth to control the cry which would have burst from her at this confirmation of her suspicions, but, after only a momentary pause, followed the double trail with even greater caution than before.

A low murmur of voices fell upon her ear as she approached the chalk pit, and presently there came the sound of David's laugh.

Again Martha stopped short as if struck; then, rallying her self-possession, she went on, but, instead of following the guiding footsteps down the path which led into the hollow, crept round the brink, keeping to the left and stooping so as to screen herself behind the thick growth of furze and brambles which fringed it. Crouching on her knees, at length she peered downwards through the tangle at the unconscious pair beneath.

Tamsine was seated on the thymy bank beside the kiln, with David lying at her feet. The watcher could not see the girl's face, but the man's upturned one was in full view, wearing an expression which she had never seen there. They spoke so low, however, having grown accustomed to be cautious in these stolen interviews, that strain her ears as she might, she could not at first distinguish what they said. By-and-by, however, David broke off a cluster of blossoms from the branch of eglantine which lay across Tamsine's knee, and kneeling upright made as if he would place it in her hair. The girl drew back quickly, and by her impetuous movement loosened the thick locks, which fell about her shoulders; and thereupon her lover, forgetting to be wary, uttered a cry of admiration which reached the watcher in her retreat.

"What hair! I never saw its equals!

"Tis the most beautiful hair in the world!"

A blinding, insensate rage fell upon Martha; she half rose, and might have precipitated herself over the edge of the pit had not the sound of a rapidly approaching and heavy footstep suddenly arrested her attention. Even through the red haze of fury which momentarily obscured her sight she observed a tall, burly figure shouldering its way through the trees, and presently identified Shepherd Cornick.

David simultaneously heard the approaching tread, and when Martha again looked into the hollow she saw Tamsine's skirts vanishing into the limekin and the crouching figure of David following.

Sinking back on her heels, she watched the comedy, growing calmer the while, yet with ever-increasing bitterness welling up in her heart.

That sly Tamsine Strange, with her affected simplicity and her mock-modest airs, had no less than two lovers at her heels, it seemed. Well, she was welcome to Shepherd Cornick.

On came the burly form, not following straight upon the trail as she had done, but blundering hither and thither, uttering disjointed exclamations of anger and distress as he pursued his search.

He had almost passed the hollow when he veered and came back again, threw a hasty glance into its depths, clacked his tongue, and returned to his original course.

When his steps had died away Tamsine and David emerged from the kiln, David laughing mischievously, but the girl looking somewhat perturbed. As she was about to coil up her hair David stooped and kissed the end of one of the dark tresses, whereupon she smiled, but snatched it from him, pinned it hurriedly in its place, and darting up the bank fled homewards.

David flung himself down upon the

bank whistling softly under his breath and playing with the tuft of wild roses which he had picked up again. Martha saw him smile as he twisted it between his fingers. She sat quite still, watching him with burning eyes. She meant to have an explanation with the man before her, but not then; Shepherd Cornick might return at any moment, and she must say her say without being interrupted. Moreover, she must form her plans exactly, sharpen her weapons that she might use them with most telling effect.

The sound of David's low whistling and the chatter of a squirrel in a neighboring pine were the only sounds which broke the stillness after the beat of Tamsine's footsteps had died away.

Presently David pulled out his watch and, having consulted it, rose, drawing the wild rose through his buttonhole; midway up the bank, however, he appeared to change his mind, and, plucking out the blossoms, pressed them to his lips and tossed them away. Soon his light tread was lost, too in the distance. Last of all Martha stood up in her place, slowly disentangling her skirts from the brambles, and pushing back the heavy strands of her hair which had escaped from under her shawl. As she did so she thought flashed across her that if she were to allow her hair to fall about her shoulders as Tamsine had done she would put her rival to shame.

So Davidge thought Tamsine's hair the most beautiful he had ever seen! Common dark hair, thick and plentiful, to be sure, but not to be compared with Martha's own either for length or for color.

The widow's nostrils dilated as a plan formed itself in her mind. She would open the man's eyes to the beauty of the woman whom he had slighted—she would show herself to him at her very best, and then she would taunt him.

She drew in her breath sharply and forced her way through the brambles, unconscious of the fact that they tore her dress and scratched her unprotected feet. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she never heard the rapid approach of Shepherd Cornick until he actually overtook her and seized her by the arm.

"Why, 'tis Mrs. West!" he exclaimed, evidently dumbfounded at the discovery. "I'm sure I beg your pardon. I d' 'low 'twas your bein' muffled up i' that shawl what did mislead me."

The widow gazed at him with eyes like the eyes of a sleepwalker, but made no response.

"There, I'm sure I beg your pardon," reiterated the shepherd in over-deepening confusion; I were lookin' for somebody else."

"Who were you looking for?" asked she, seeming to rouse herself, but looking nevertheless so strange that Cornick felt more ashamed than ever for having thus rudely broken in upon her thoughts; he was embarrassed, moreover, by his unwillingness to betray the real object of his search.

"Were you looking for Miss Strange?" continued Martha, as he did not speak.

"Well," admitted Cornick with an uneasy laugh, "I be sleepin' i' the hay-loft now, ye know, and when I did hear a gate creak awhile back, and see a faymale figure a-creepin' out o' the yard a'most afore daybreak, I took a notion into my head as 'twere Miss Strange, an' I dressed myself so quick as I could an' come out arter her. I thought the maid must ha' gone crazy all to once to go traipsin' about the downs at sich an hour. O' course," he added, suddenly catching himself up and endeavoring to cover this somewhat tactless statement, "there wouldn't be nothin' at all surprisin' in your goin' out for an early stroll, Mrs. West. Poor soul, I d' 'low you did do

so many a time when your husband was keeper here."

Martha heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes," she said, "I used to go out early often—in those days."

"To be sure, to be sure," resumed Cornick hastily, "you did walk to meet him sometimes, or maybe you did walk along of he a part of his round. 'Ees, 'twas to be looked for—an' 'tis but natral as you should take to it again now you do find yourself back on the downs—'tis but to be expected as you should find a kind o' comfort in walkin' about the wold places a-thinkin' o' he."

Cornick was unusually garrulous owing to the intensity of his relief in discovering that the figure which had led him such a wild-goose chase was that of the widow, who had such a perfectly natural motive for her matutinal wanderings.

Martha listened still with that odd, stony expression; neither eyes nor lips moved, yet, as the man blundered on, her nostrils again dilated as over some fierce inward thought.

"Well, I d' 'low I must be gettin' on to fetch up the cows," remarked the shepherd after a moment's pause, "but don't let me hurry you, Mrs. West."

"I'm not goin' back to Strange's," returned the widow.

Cornick, who had begun to walk away, stopped short and turned sharply:—

"Not comin' back! I thought you was goin' to bide the whole week!" he exclaimed.

"No, I am going straight home now," said Martha. "Good-bye."

Seeing that he still stood gaping at her, she whisked sharply round and walked away with her rapid, undulating gait in the direction of Chudbury.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Miss Strickland and Sam Strange were just sitting down to breakfast, when Martha opened the door.

"What, back already!" exclaimed her aunt, "I thought you was a-going to bide up at Strange's till Saturday."

"I wanted to get home," said Martha, in a dull voice.

She threw herself into a chair, hiding her feet beneath her dragged skirts.

"Well, I declare an' you wi'out so much as a hat on your head!" gasped Miss Strickland. "You must ha' come away in a terr'ble hurry."

"I hope there's nothin' amiss," said Sam anxiously.

"I did come away in a hurry," rejoined Martha, rousing herself, "I just felt I couldn't stop up there any longer. I wanted to get back for many reasons."

And thereupon she smiled at Sam with so meaning a look, that that young man forgot the slight shock he had experienced at the sight of her unkempt locks and generally wild appearance, and felt his heart swell with delight.

"You look but poorly, aunt," remarked Martha, when the women found themselves alone, after Sam's departure to the inn. "I'm afraid you have been working too hard these two days."

This expression of sympathy immediately loosed a flood of lamentation on her relative's part. Of course there had been a deal to do, and Miss Strickland never had no health to speak on, an' what wi' the housework an' what wi' the washing, it was a wonder that she was alive at all. Her poor back—well, there, Martha might believe her or not, as she liked, but at that very minute her spine might be a red-hot poker, and how she was to manage the ironing, goodness only knew!

"I'll do the ironing for you, auntie," rejoined Mrs. West with unusual gentleness. "I'm goin' to wash my hair first; it will dry nicely at the hot fire, and I can see to the fine things at the

same time. Go up to your room and lie down—it will do you good. I'll bring you up a bit of dinner, and then you can keep out of the kitchen all day while the fire's so keen."

Miss Strickland, who had begun by being surprised and touched at Martha's unprecedented thoughtfulness, now became exceedingly alarmed on her own account. She must indeed be "lookin' bad," she argued inwardly, for her niece thus to multiply such tender attentions.

She uttered a hollow groan as she rose from the table, and remarked that she knew she was not long for this world, and perhaps it mid be better for all parties if she was to take a bit o' care afore it was too late.

"Ye'd not have a roof over your head if anythin' was to happen to me, ye know," she added mournfully, as she began to climb the rickety stairs.

Martha stamped her ragged foot upon the floor as she looked after her. It was true; she, Martha West, was an outcast, living more or less upon charity, while Tamsine Strange, a mile away, had a house of her very own, and plenty of money, was free to do what she liked—and was loved by the man who had robbed her own life of peace.

Presently rousing herself, however, she set herself to carry out the plan which she had formulated.

When David came in at dinner-time he found the kitchen swept and garnished, while Martha, very neatly dressed, was sitting with her back to the fire, her hair falling over her shoulders. The usually heavy waves were now a mass of light, rippling curls gorgeous in the fiery glow.

"Hullo!" cried David with a laugh, "so ye be here! Everybody up to Strange's do think ye be lost."

"I was tired of being up there," she answered, without moving. "I took a

notion to come home—I wanted to wash my hair, for one thing.”

“Well, I should think you could have done that up yonder” rejoined he. “Is dinner ready? Where’s the old lady?”

“My aunt’s lying down upstairs—she isn’t so very well. Yes, dinner’s quite ready. Sit down, and I’ll get it for you. I was but sitting here till the last moment to give my hair a chance of drying.”

She passed the fingers of both hands through the shining tresses, shaking them out so that they seemed to scintillate. “I hope you’ll excuse me showing myself to you like this,” she added. “I’m afraid you must think I’m very untidy.”

“There’s nothin’ untidy about washin’ your hair,” returned he gaily. “I do give mine a dip every mornin’ when I do bathe in the river. Makes you feel so nice an’ fresh, doesn’t it?”

He drew his chair to the table and sat down, looking with undisguised impatience towards the oven; he did not much fancy this *tête-à-tête* meal with the widow West, and was in a hurry to have it over.

Martha got slowly on to her knees, turning towards the fire so as to hide her face from him; tears of mortification had risen to her eyes, her heart was swelling nigh to bursting. After the first casual glance, in which she had seen surprise but no admiration, David’s eyes had not once rested on this glory of hers. Making a fierce effort to control herself, she composed her features and rose, taking the dish from the oven and setting it before him; after which she seated herself opposite to him in silence.

“Shall I help ye?” he asked, taking up the spoon.

“No, thank you,” she rejoined.

“Why not?” he said, struck by her ominous tones, and looking at her more attentively.

“Because the food ’ld choke me,” she

answered in a strangled voice. As David with a slight shrug of the shoulders was preparing to fill his own plate she went on vehemently.

“I wonder that you can eat—I wonder you are not afraid of your food choking you!”

David laid down the spoon and gazed at her, the light of battle kindling in his eyes. Martha had identified him, he thought; he must prepare to meet the consequences; as of old, he was resolved to fight for his liberty to the last.

“What’s this, Mrs. West?” he asked quietly.

“What’s this?” she echoed, bending forward so that her red-brown eyes blazed into his. “Who is it that’s got the most beautiful hair in the world—such hair as you never saw? Hair that you kiss and crown with wild roses?”

David, who had for a moment imagined that the woman had taken leave of her senses, guessed the truth in a flash on hearing her last words, and so great was his relief that he laughed aloud.

The sound of that laugh broke down the last vestige of Martha’s self-control; she flung out her arm almost as if she would have struck him.

“How dare you!” she panted; “how dare you! Oh, you false—wicked—treacherous——”

She broke off with a sob that shook her from head to foot.

David fixed his eyes upon her in amazement, the color rushing over his dark face. Was it possible that after all she did guess that she was face to face with the slayer of her husband, or was this a mere outburst of woman’s jealousy—horrible, unnatural under the circumstances, yet deplorable?

He had ceased to laugh, and now spoke gently and seriously.

“I suppose you saw Tamsine and me together. I suppose you were watching us while we were in the chalk-pit.”

Martha was struggling with herself, making fierce efforts to regain her composure. Feeling instinctively that if she attempted to speak her sobs would burst forth anew, she contented herself with nodding.

During the pause which ensued, David continued to eye her reflectively.

"I suppose 'twas you as Shepherd Cornick followed this morning, then," he said presently. "I thought he came after Tamsine but missed her——"

"Of course he missed her when she crawled into the lime-kiln and you after her," interrupted Martha, with fiery scorn. "That was a nice trick for Miss Strange to do—but it's of a piece with the rest. You didn't dare show your faces to an honest man. But I was looking down at you—I saw you."

"Yes," rejoined David, beginning in his turn to lose self-control; "you came spying after us, listening to every word we said, I shouldn't wonder."

The fierce eagerness in his face was not lost on her, and fanned the flame of her wrath.

"Yes, I heard you," she cried. "I heard you talking to her about her beautiful hair—why, where's the beauty in it? Ye may see the same on the head of any common woman that goes out turnip-picking. The nonsense you was carrying on with—kissing the very flower that you had stuck in it before you threw it away!"

Once again David breathed freely; Martha knew nothing. He had but a comparatively simple problem to face.

"Well, Mrs. West," he said, "I am sorry that you should have been eaves-droppin' for many reasons. We wanted to keep our secret a bit longer, but since you do know it everybody else must know it now. Tamsine Strange and me are going to be man and wife."

"Man and wife!" echoed Martha almost voicelessly; then, turning on him with a sudden tigerish fierceness she

had already displayed, she asked, "And what about your true love—the girl whose memory you carried in your heart for three years and more?"

He was silent for a moment, and then said in a low voice:—

"I love Tamsine Strange now."

His heart smote him at the implied fickleness, but he dared not arouse Martha's suspicions by uttering his avowal in less equivocal terms.

"Oh," she cried, springing to her feet and clasping her hands, "oh, that you dare look me in the face and say such a thing—you—you——"

David rose too, but continued to gaze at her steadily, though conscious of a pang of self-reproach.

"The lies you told me!" she went on. "To think you had the face to remind me of my duty to poor Dick's memory—you, who in a few days could forget your own duty. Oh, Dick, Dick, I did forget my duty to you—I did—I did!"

She buried her face in her hands and burst into a passion of tears.

David, after one desperate glance at her, moved towards the door, but she sprang forward, placing herself between him and it.

"No, you shan't go like that!" she cried. "You shall stop and give an account of yourself. If you forgot your first love all of a minute and turned your heart to another woman—why should it have been to her?"

"That's a thing which is nobody's business but my own," replied David firmly, again endeavoring to step past her.

But she intercepted him, gripping him by the sleeve as he would have broken from her.

"Why shouldn't it have been me?" she cried hoarsely. "It ought to have been me; since you was to be false and take up with another woman it ought to have been me—you owed it to me."

David stood like a stone, making no

effort to release himself and her voice fell to a sort of wailing cry.

"Oh, I am ashamed—ashamed to look you in the face and say such things, but I can't help it—I'm forced to it. My heart went out to you the minute I saw you. Oh, 'tis that I can't forgive you—you've robbed me—robbed me of my very faithfulness."

Beads of sweat stood on the man's brow, but he neither moved nor answered.

"I had but the one thing in life," she went on, "the thought of Dick—my love for his memory—and now I *daren't* think of him, for I have been false to him in my heart—and that's your work!"

Still without speaking he began quietly to disengage himself, and as
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her feverish hand still clutched his sleeve he took hold of it, detaching the fingers one by one with gentle force; suddenly these fingers loosed the sleeve to twine themselves round his, and Martha's face, beautified by a sudden wild hope, was turned towards his.

"Davidge," she whispered, "is there no chance for me? I'd love you as never a woman loved before—I'd be your slave."

David thrust her from him almost violently, casting upon her a look which she remembered to her dying day—a look of absolute horror.

"If there was never another woman in the world, Mrs. West," he cried, "I could never love you!"

Then he went out, banging the door after him.

(To be continued.)

THE ECONOMICS OF "CHEAP."

The modern world is not getting what it wants in the material supply of articles destined to meet its supposed material demand. It is getting less and less what it wants in convenience, beauty and aptitude. This discomfort it suffers from a supposed economic necessity, and those who complain of the evil most loudly lay the blame on economic science. I propose in what follows to examine this contention, and to see what remedy the evil may admit.

If there is one economic axiom which, both expressed and taken for granted, has lain beneath the economic theory of our time, it is the axiom that the "cheap" article drives out the "dear" article.

It could be traced, did space allow, in a hundred or in a thousand forms. It underlies all the talk about economic efficiency, all the despair under which men lie of the good, the beautiful, or

the laboriously produced, holding its own against a less worthy rival. This axiom controls the very method of modern production; it is the conception which moulds the action of every human agent in recent industry, from the original inventor at the top of the scale, to the common cheat at the bottom of it. Upon it reposes the complacency of one whole school of fiscal policy, while the more modern opposing school (which is—and should not be afraid of calling itself—Protectionist) seeks to reconcile itself at every turn with this same axiom and its supposed consequences.

Now when we watch the way in which that axiom has worked upon the modern mind, especially in this country, we discover a certain vice attaching to its use which makes us suspect if not that the axiom itself is at fault, at any rate that it is imperfectly understood or imperfectly defined; we

find that whether men enthusiastically accept or reluctantly acquiesce in the doctrine of *cheap*, they apply it according to a logical process, and this logical process is perpetually in conflict with common-sense.

This feature which is so constantly appearing in modern action, I mean an acute contrast between the ideal result to which a theory points and the practical result which is the outcome of our working that theory, should always make us re-examine our methods; such a contrast proves that something is wrong. If an apparently just deduction from an apparently universal principle wars with our inner certitude of proportion and of right, then either the principle itself or our statement of it, or our deductive processes, is at fault.

In the field of industrial effort the practical proof that there is such a conflict between experience and theory is superabundant. Almost daily a man of taste will tell you that "competition" is necessarily destroying such and such a good or a beautiful thing in his neighborhood. Almost daily a good man deplores the advent of some evil, too often some moral evil, which he ascribes to the same cause. "The corporation," one will tell you, "was advised to let the old buildings stand, but it could not *afford* to leave so much valuable space vacant"; or another will say, "More people could have got to Mass if we had had the church built here, but it was cheaper to have it built in such and such a place, so we *had* to do it against our better judgment." You see the working—the false working—of the axiom in things of magnitude and in trifles. A statesman will say, "Such and such a route was advised for the railway by all the military experts, but it was cheaper to go by that other, so we had to do it." A housewife will say, "Of course an open fire looks more cheerful, but

it is so much cheaper to have gas." It is not necessary to add that in the machinery of commerce the principle and its consequences are everywhere supreme, and, in general, all modern life is changed, one might almost say against its will, and progressively worsened, certainly against its subconscious desire, by this attitude of the mind.

It is the thesis of what follows to show that the conflict thus arising between the ideal and the actual result of a practice supposedly imposed by reason, is due not to an excess of rigor in definition and in deduction, but to a lack of such precision.

The underlying doctrine which thus controls the modern mind is, when it is properly stated, true. It is a recognition of that truth, conscious or unconscious, which lends to the whole business of degradation in commerce and industry such vitality as it still unhappily possesses. It is the partial and confused recognition of a fundamental, an unalterable and an unavoidable economic truth in the matter, which makes men and women reason thus to their own hurt throughout the whole field of modern affairs. But that principle once defined and properly followed up, will be discovered to be, like any other economic truth, the servant and not the master of human nature. The economic doctrine underlying the process I speak of need not control us to our hurt; it may serve us to our good if we approach it in one of two moods: either the mood of attempting to comprehend it and apply it with exactitude, or the mood of neglecting it altogether and trusting to our unreasoning sense of fitness. It is upon the former line of approach that I propose to proceed.

The economic doctrine which lends all its strength to "cheap" may be exactly stated as follows:

"When to the production of a certain economic result a certain consumption of economic values is attached by one process, while to the production of an identical economic result a lesser consumption of economic values is attached by another process, then it is of economic advantage to use that process in which the consumption of economic values is the least; and to substitute the less expensive for the more expensive method, is to produce an increase of wealth in an amount precisely equivalent to the saving in economic values which is effected by the less expensive over the more expensive process."

There are certain determinate words in the above definition which will be seen in a moment to be of particular importance, but first let us give an obvious example of its general truth.

A man has a little steam engine in his shed, and he uses it to pump up the water for his house. He has to pump up 500 gallons every day. To do this work he stokes the firebox of his engine by putting in a great mass of coal to begin with, and when he has a forty-pound head of steam he begins operations. In this way he consumes 3 cwt. of a particular sort of coal before his 500 gallons are pumped. A friend comes along who knows more about engines than he does, and says: "If you will begin with a small fire, let it burn well through, and then stoke slowly, and if you will wait until you have a pressure of sixty pounds before beginning, you will get your work done with the consumption of only 2 cwt. of coal." The owner of the steam engine takes this advice and finds that it is good. The new method proposed to him has saved him a third of his coal every day. If, to put it in money, coal cost him a shilling a hundred-weight, then the new method has the advantage over the old method of a shilling a day. No sort of human need was satisfied by the consumption of the

extra coal in the old method. It was sheer waste. He is a shilling a day to the good, and the doctrine of "cheap" has in this case made him a shilling a day the richer. If it be true that man, like every other organism, tends to transform his environment from a condition where it is less to a condition where it is more serviceable to his own needs (upon which doctrine the whole science of economics depends), then the man saving his shilling's worth of coal a day is in exactly the same position as a man who is producing a shilling's worth of coal a day; he is that much the wealthier. He is a man who has acquired an extra income of £18 5s. a year. And, inasmuch as a man would rather have £18 5s. than nothing, in so much will a man in this instance wisely and orthodoxly conform to the great doctrine of "cheap."

Here the reader may well say: "Your definition is tediously self-evident and your example deplorably so." But wait a moment. My definition is self-evident only because it is accurately and lengthily drafted, and my example only because it was most carefully chosen. It is, as a fact, rather difficult to find an example which will not begin to clash with the definition, and this difficulty is a clue to the way in which have arisen those conflicts between common-sense and economic tendency with which I opened my article.

Look for a moment at the definition:

Unless an *identical* economic result is achieved, the definition does not apply. It is not "cheaper" to build a bad house in three months than a good house in six. You are not building the same house. It is not "cheaper" to put up a plain beam than a carved beam, for a plain beam is not a carved beam. It is not "cheaper" to wear cotton than silk, for cotton is not silk.

There is, of course, a conversational sense in which it is "cheaper" to do

any of these lesser things rather than the corresponding greater thing. But, for the purposes of strict economic analysis, the phrase, "an identical economic result," is of capital importance. The power of "cheap" in pure economics applies to that, and to that only. In other words, no economic force, properly so-called, makes you wear cotton instead of silk or makes you put up a plain beam in place of a carved one, or makes you put up a jerry-built house in place of a well-built one. What makes you wear cotton instead of silk (if you do so with right reason) is the balancing of needs. You have decided that you would rather have such and such results in warmth, let us say, or appearance, or decency, and that the various factors in the whole of your complex need, stand to each other in such and such proportion. To satisfy that need in its proportionate component parts cotton will, for a sacrifice of such and such a total of economic values, give you what silk would only give you for a sacrifice of twice that total. But unless you are certain of your needs and of their proportion, you cannot estimate the true power of "cheap" at all; nay, save in relation to certain needs measured in their true proportions, there is no meaning in the words "cheap" and "dear."

Take, for another instance, the plain beam and the carved beam. When you say you cannot "afford" the carved beam, what do you mean? You mean that you are using the beam mainly to support something; for instance, the top of your door. I do not say you are only using it for that. If you were only using it for that, you would be ready to use the most hideous or most disgusting or repulsive object that might serve that mere purpose, but you are mainly using it for that—ninety-five per cent., let us say, of what you want is top-of-door support; the other five per cent. is other things: re-

pose to your eye, some association of beauty, the grain of the wood, or what not. But suppose, as a matter of fact, you were in some doubt whether you would have a door there at all? Supposing you are only having a door because it makes a pleasant end to a particular vista, and needs, to fulfil its purpose, carving? Then it is not "cheap" to have a plain beam. It is no more "cheap" to have a plain beam under such conditions than it would be "cheap" to have it in one's bed or as a travelling companion in a railway carriage.

The way in which proportion enters into true need is exemplified in every action of life and in every demand we make, and nowhere does proportion prove its value more than when the satisfaction of it is absent, and when we are cheated of it without being able to discover wherein exactly our loss consists. We buy a dusty flour with which a doctrine of "cheap" has supplied us, we submit to unhealthy and unnecessary forms of house-warming, we accept a hundred things reluctantly in our daily lives because economic tendency is thought to have forced them upon us, and by our very reluctance and ill-ease we are proving that our needs are ill-satisfied and that, therefore, not a true but a false economic tendency has been at work.

Now what is the cause of this reluctant acceptance and of this increasing ill-ease? We want, let us say, not only speed in travelling, but also, and in a certain proportion, quiet—we get all the speed and no quiet at all. We want not only a certain amount of some species of bread, but also in a certain proportion we want a particular wheaten taste, and a particular method of manufacture. Our needs are satisfied in a proportion other than that represented by our demand. We wanted, to put it numerically, sixty per cent.

weight, forty per cent. taste, and what we get is ninety-five per cent. weight and five per cent. taste. We were willing (to put it in another way) to sacrifice more than a third of the amount of bread we were able to pay for, on condition that at a higher price, it should taste wholesome—and we aren't allowed to make the sacrifice—or at any rate we do not. Why is this? What is the economic disease here present for which we have to seek an economic remedy?

Most people give the reply that we are so supplied because the general demand is vitiated; they throw the responsibility for the degradation of our supply upon the many for whom they are not responsible and to whom they believe themselves to be superior. But that answer is wholly insufficient. The more one knows of modern men, the more one finds that the disease and the complaint against it are universal. Those who protest are not a few superior persons: they are simply units of that general public which is perpetually and increasingly suffering from the ill-directed force of which I speak.

It is not true that modern men prefer, for instance, an ugly street to a beautiful one. Men of all classes recognize beauty, in a degree which differs, of course, with different individuals, but from a quality which is common to mankind. Men want houses both to live in and to look at. The proportion between those two needs which build up the general need for a house, let us express as seventeen to three (of course all these numerical examples are inapplicable to organic needs: I use them only as symbols). A man wants seventeen shillings' worth of habitability and three shillings' worth of pleasant aspect for his money. What he gets is twenty shillings' worth of habitability, and nothing of the rest.

The older economists used to pretend

that demand would always call forth supply, but that is exactly what it has failed to do and what it is increasingly failing to do; to speak more accurately the adjustment between demand and supply is getting faultier and faultier. Why is it?

II.

True economic motive consists in the conception of some object destined exactly to satisfy a need, and in a desire for that object sufficiently strong to set us about transforming our environment from a condition in which it is less, into a condition where it is more identical with the object so conceived.

I want a bit of toast. I take a bit of bread and I toast it. My economic motive throughout that short process of production of wealth runs true, and the result is more or less satisfactory according to my skill in making the piece of toast just what I had previously desired the piece of toast to be. In such a case you have as perfect an adjustment as possible between the economic motive and the process of production. And in general, where, under what is called primitive conditions, men make things for themselves, that adjustment is everywhere apparent.¹ It is for this reason that we admire the "taste," as we call it, of things primitively or simply produced by the user of them. And in general the true formula for an exact adjustment between economic motive and economic action, is that production should be production for use, and should be untrammelled and undeflected in its course by any other consideration.

When once this is clearly perceived, it appears with equal clearness that, in general, so simple an ideal can never be realized in human life, and that modern life in particular puts in its way a great number of obstacles.

do not say the result is perfect: I never can be. I say the motive is perfectly adjusted to the economic action undertaken.

To grasp the main principle in the matter is like having pointed out to one a distant mountain: one not only seizes the mountain in one's view, but also and in the same view, its great distance and the many obstacles between. A short list of the modern obstacles between us and such an ideal will stand somewhat as follows:

(a) What is called Division of Labor, that is, the differentiation of production, is essential to the production of great quantities of wealth. Interfere with that differentiation and the total amount of wealth would immediately and enormously diminish. But this division of labor, and separation of function, obviously interfere with the exact satisfaction of human needs, for those needs are personal and organic, while the final result of many differentiated processes of production can be no more than a mechanical assembling of a number of things or qualities, each produced by a producer who enjoyed no full view of the whole to which his particular part was tending.

(b) As a corollary of this, the distance between supply and demand is a necessary consequence of differentiation of function and increases with it. The more labor is divided, the more particular natural opportunities, etc., are used for the production of one small part of the total result, the further grows the distance (moral and often also physical as well) which separates the ultimate user of an article from the various producers of it.

(c) Again, when to differentiation of function we add the institution of private property, there at once is bred from the two the principle of *production for profit* rather than for use.

Here, we should mention in passing one of the chief and most striking tenets of the Socialists, who indeed continually use this very formula: "Production for use, not for profit." The

sense and justice of such a demand constitute one of their strongest arguments. I shall show later, when I speak of the remedies available for this disease, why the Socialists' scheme does not, as a matter of fact, provide for the true consequences of its own text; but the text as it stands is sound, and if we could instead, by the adoption of Collectivism, eliminate production for profit and convert it into production for use, Collectivism would possess a very powerful practical argument indeed.

Production for profit and not for use, which is the necessary outcome of differentiation of production coupled with the institution of private property, warps economic motive from the outset. If I am making toast, not one chance piece for myself, but a thousand pieces for sale in a fair, it will perhaps, or even probably, be to my advantage to make the toast so that the people at the fair may want to eat it, but that will not be my *motive* in making the toast: my motive in making the toast will be to get as great a total of economic values as I can out of the buyers, and that for the least expenditure of economic values upon my own part; and all other ways besides excellence or adaptation to demand, which may lead to such a result are influencing me equally. I am just as much tempted to save money by the use of inferior bread, by faking the color of my toast, by making it only just warm enough to sell, and so forth, as I am to meet the demand. My economic motive is impure.

(d) Differentiation of economic function tends again to production upon a large scale, and production on a large scale means that the individual differences of demand or need must be neglected: to paraphrase what was said above, it is mechanical whereas human needs are organic.

(e) The control over fraudulent or

insufficient methods in production becomes more and more difficult as the process of differentiation increases, because the field to be watched becomes larger and its departments more numerous and more technical.

(f) The power of convention, always preponderant in any scheme of production of wealth, becomes a peculiarly disturbing factor under highly complex industrial conditions, because to take it for granted that demand will correspond with convention is the chief saving in brain labor which the producer can effect, e.g. the decoration of hotels. I have seen an imitation Chinese vase which all the guests of the hotel were indifferent to save one who desired to destroy it, and the economic values absorbed in that vase would have supported a large family for more than a twelvemonth.

(g) (And this is the most important, as it is the last, on our list.) Economic motive, even in the crude form of purchasing demand, is warped by the presence of a great mass of purchasers so poor that on the one hand the proportion of mere animal need is very high in their demand, and the proportion of other needs low; and on the other their acute physical necessity for immediate satisfaction, their lack of opportunity and their ceaseless anxiety destroy any sense of proportion in their needs.

The effect of this last is seen in the architecture of the poorer parts of our towns, where the least possible shelter—consistent with convention—is provided for men with no regard whatsoever for any of the other uses besides that of shelter, to which a human habitation can serve.³

³ To this list many might to-day add the Organization of Modern Industry and the very nature of modern commerce and manufacture with its highly competitive instruments, a- the chief obstacles to a true adjustment of demand and supply. It is not so. Apart from the high differentiation of modern industry, which the text has dealt with, its productions of true, not of false, economic efficiency in this particular point, they hard-

There is the disease and a rough list of those modern conditions which are obstacles in the way of remedying it. These obstacles cannot be wholly overcome, and ideal adjustment of economic motive to production is impossible, but we shall do well to seek what road will bring us nearest to that economic objective, the adjustment of economic motive to production, which we have seen to be the goal of all reform in this matter.

III.

The true economic doctrine of "cheap" is, as we have seen, that when an identical product can be arrived at by two methods, one of which consumes less economic values (that is, is "cheaper") than the other, then it is sound economics for the cheaper method to drive out the dearer.

We have seen that on this sound economic doctrine there has arisen an unsound practice. The cheaper production not of identical but of similar articles, or even of articles similar only in name, has been found sufficient to permit the ousting of a good or a desired thing by a bad or an undesired one. We have seen that the remedy for this economic disease (which has been progressive and intensive and threatens to degrade all production, and to disturb the satisfaction of all need in our industrial society) is the readjustment of true economic motive to the process of production. We have seen that it is hopeless to expect such a readjustment by the simple and ideal method of making the man who demands an article supply himself. We have further seen that an exact adjustment of economic motive in the process

ly react upon supply at all. And so true is this that a trade may be crippled or extinguished in a few years by a slight variation in even the crude demand exercisable under existing conditions. The competitive and therefore unstable, condition of modern industry is a great evil. But it is not an evil which diminishes the sensitiveness of supply to demand; on the contrary, it increases it

of production has never been possible, and in modern complex conditions is least of all to be expected.

What we want to do, therefore, is to adjust it only as nearly as possible, and to adjust it as nearly as possible means to make demand call forth as nearly as possible the corresponding supply.

Now demand calls forth a supply in proportion to its intensity. The more intense, peremptory and exact the demand, the more supply will have to meet it precisely or go begging.

How are we then to intensify demand?

If people simply would not accept houses save of such a sort as would make a modern town tolerable to look upon, then the modern town would not be the hideous thing it is. If people would not accept bread below a certain standard of breadfulness, then no amount of trade trickery, nor no cheapness of an insufficient flour, would have the power to put an unsatisfactory bread upon the market. We must intensify demand, we must make in some way or other the proportion between the various parts of demand as strong a thing in the mind of the demander as it was when our civilization was properly supplied, and before this modern disease came upon us.

Now, the weakening of demand, which is the true source of all our trouble, has a wide aspect easy to define. People are slack. How far this slackness is in general due to economic, how far (as the present writer is inclined to believe) to moral causes which lie behind economic phenomena, it is not our purpose here to examine. But there is one particular economic cause which can be got at and remedied, and it is a cause so patent that no one who has properly examined the subject has ever thought of denying it. That particular economic cause of the slackness of demand, and of its lack of

proportion, is the insufficient economic power of the mass of modern purchasers in an industrial State—in plain words, their poverty.

For the poverty of the mass of purchasers affects the intensity of demand (and therefore the adjustment of supply to it) in every possible fashion: through their ignorance; through their haste; through their terrible and acute necessities; through their lack of power to make the producer feel their needs by political action; through their lack of control over contracts, advertisements, and the modern method of expression, which is the Press. All the rest of the problem is, as we have seen, connected with the necessary differentiation and the necessary complexity of modern production, on which there is no going back; but this part of the problem is in no way connected with that necessary complexity and necessary differentiation. The differentiation and the complexity would exist just as much as if the proper distribution of economic demand gave to the mass of purchasers a power of emphasizing the nature and the proportion of their demand; at present they have no such power, and without a doubt their lack of that power may be traced to that ill-distribution of wealth for which our time and our industrial civilization are particularly remarkable.

On the re-creation of a proper power of demand in the mass of the people, two forms of advice are tendered: the one distributivist, the other collectivist.

He who favors a collective remedy is either a Socialist or that opposite extreme, a man who conceives of large property (with its consequent power of demand—intense, proportioned and reasoned) as the natural purveyor of wealth to a mass of dependents. I have called these types extreme opposites, and so they are in their ideas of political mechanism; but they are not

opposed in relation to this particular economic question. The Socialist says, for instance, "Let the community" (that is, of course, the politicians) "order the cottages for a village, and, with the power of the public purse, the power of equal bargaining, or rather of masterful bargaining, the power of waiting until the order is exactly satisfied, the desire of the community for cottages not only habitable but serviceable in every other way (such as in the way of beauty) to human need, will be satisfied." This, says the Socialist, is true even with the imperfect Socialism in which a local body deals with contractors. It will be still more true in the perfect Socialist State, where the community shall directly employ and control all the labor that goes to the building of cottages.

The other type of those who approve a collective solution, says, "Let the big landlord provide the cottages, and with his leisure, power of bargaining, and all the rest of it, with his proportioned desire representing what is really the mind of his dependents, a satisfactory type of cottage will appear."

Of these two types the second certainly has the advantage of example. No one has ever seen a parish council or a municipal corporation giving effect to an intense popular demand, and we do see on all sides the big landlord giving effect to what is, if not a popular, at least a human and an organic demand. There is no one in his senses who would not rather trust the wealthy landlord for the purpose of getting a human village produced, than he would trust the politician.

But are either of them what they claim to be? The politician would be what he claims to be, if delegacy and voting could handle intimate human desires. The second would be what he claims to be, if a rich man (who is only rich because property is ill distributed) naturally, and in some way

necessarily, bore in himself the intimate human demands of his numerous poor dependents. For him to do this he must not only *care* for their way of living more than for his own, he must also *know* more about their way of living that he does about his own, and, finally, he must be *more concerned in fulfilling their will* than he is in fulfilling his own. If such rich men exist, they are certainly not numerous, and can never be. I have chosen a favorable example in talking of cottages. Had I talked of public-houses, chairs and tables, cooking or bedding, the force of the argument would be greater.

I confess that in this, as in so many other departments of thought where economics touch upon politics, I can see no solution but a distributive one.

Unless, or until, a determinant mass of the families of the State possess sufficient property to make their demand reasoned, leisurely and complex, I do not see how we are to have an adjustment between economic motive and the process of production. The man himself must ask for what he wants, and he must be able to ask for what he wants with some leisure and culture in which to frame his demand, and with some power of holding out until he obtains it.

I may be told that, were wealth better distributed, the small citizen would still be much too small to intensify his demand, or to make it appreciably more effective than that of the present proletariat. That contention is a common modern contention, and it is made because modern thought has broken with tradition, that is, with reality in Time. As a matter of fact, all human history and tradition give the lie to such a contention. A determinant mass of small owners creates in a State an economic public opinion which a proletariat can never do. It acts, or at least has always acted, in a manner

highly co-operative, and produces naturally, by methods instinctive and human, what the Socialist desires and even hopes to produce mechanically, and what the modern defender of large

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ownership believes to be impossible.

I can discover no other root to the present discontent save the recent destruction of the Distributive State, nor any remedy save its restoration.

Hilaire Belloc.

THE WORKS OF J. M. SYNGE.*

J. M. Synge is, perhaps, the one of the few authors of this generation of whom it may be confidently urged that his work will live; for he accomplished in play-writing something which had not been accomplished for centuries. In saying this one does not mean that Synge was a Shakespeare; his range was too narrow and his production too small to entitle him to so high a comparison. But he is in the legitimate succession, and there is a long and weary interval behind him. We have, and have during the last three centuries had, sincere, capable, whimsical, and brilliant dramatists, but the few plays of theirs that survive (and how few they are!), survive not by their imaginative force but by those other qualities for which one looks in the comedy of manners. The truth is that the writing of plays requires a greater intensity of imagination than any other form of literature. The novelist can trace his characters back through the labyrinth of ancestry, and pursue them with description, epigram, apostrophe and exposition from the cradle to the grave. He can take 500 pages, if he will, to marshal his facts and work up his climax. With the dramatist it is otherwise. His creatures must express themselves in a few paltry thousand words apiece. He must work by suggestion, not by exposition. Every word must mean more than it says. Every character must strike its own note boldly and immediately, and walk in its

own visible aura from the rise of the curtain to its fall. It was in this quality of imagination that Synge excelled, and it was that which enabled him to give to the little corner of life depicted in his peasant plays a universality of significance that lifts them into the ranks of the great literature.

One is apt to suspect writers who find all their inspiration in the life of one class or one countryside. Too often they see only the superficial qualities of that life, and use them to lend an artificial vitality to their own emotional experience. With Synge it was not so. When he first went to the west of Ireland, after a youth spent in wandering, like Goldsmith, with his fiddle, through Southern Europe, or brooding in a Paris garret on the classics of English and French literature, he came like an exile to the home of his childhood. Inherited instincts and sympathies that slumbered in his blood woke at the touch of kinship, and the love and knowledge of life came on him in a flood. It is in his book on the Aran Islands, and in the slighter sketches of wanderings in Wicklow, Kerry and Connemara (now collected for the first time) that one finds the key to his development. There have been no more fascinating, no more stimulating books of errantry written since Borrow died. They have not, it is true, Borrow's whimsicality, his power of slipping into his leisurely chronicle some strange, incongruous, impossible, laughable event, yet making it seem inevitably true. He is a poet where

* "The Works of J. M. Synge." Four Vols. (Dublin: Maunsell. 24s. net.)

Borrow was a romancer. He felt the tragedy and beauty of the life he saw so strongly that there was no room for laughter or caprice. He could scarce feel otherwise living on those strange gray islands, "where men must reap with knives because of the stones"; where a deposit of soil is as a gold mine whence men make fields by digging a few scant basketfuls, mixing them with sand and seaweed, and spreading them upon a sheltered rock; where, through the barrenness of the soil, all seasons are the same. A land of many moods, all of them savage or mysterious; and inhabited by a people who seem to have a strange archaic sympathy with its changes—secret and strange as its rocks are mysterious and cold in hours of calm, but bursting as suddenly as its seas into a frenzy of rage or sorrow. So isolated are they that each man must be a skilled fisherman and manage his canoe with courage and dexterity, must be able to farm simply, burn seaweed for kelp, cut out his own leather sandals, mend nets, build and thatch a house and make a cradle or a coffin; and thus the race, knowing no division of labor, has grown into a kind of natural aristocracy, agile, and passionate as wild animals, yet blending with an animal's qualities a touch of the refinement of old societies. Synge lived among this strange and simple people and their hardly less primitive neighbors of the mainland, till their life and language became the natural medium for the expression of his profound and passionate sense of the sweetness and tragedy of the world. The desolate beauty of rock and bog and mountain grew so into his soul that sometimes as he sat in the dark September nights by the rustling sea he seemed to exist merely in his perception of the waves and of the crying birds and of the smell of seaweed; sometimes, as he climbed a dark mountain under the stars, the earth

seemed to have dwindled away to a mere platform from which an astrologer might watch.

In these two volumes, as in the plays, suggestion takes the place of description, and a few common words convey the keenest and most complex emotions. And these short records have a further interest. It is not only that they show many of the actual incidents and impressions that inspired the plays; one sees in them how he gained that sympathy with the sights and sounds and incidents of common life which gives his plays their peculiar imaginative quality; how his life among this tender, fierce, and primitive people raised him, in an age devoted to social causes and social ethics, above society and above morality; how he learned from the lips of those he loved a speech that is living and yet beautiful. One begins to understand, too, something of the oddly elusive quality of many of his characters. Well as he knew the people with whom he lived, he felt always that they were strangely far away from him. "They have," he writes, "the same emotions as I have and the animals have, yet I cannot talk to them when there is much to say more than to the dog that whines beside me in a mountain fog." There is something inarticulate in all his characters and something inexplicable, as there is in all characters that are greatly conceived. The world is still debating the exact degree of Hamlet's madness, Malvolio's folly, Falstaff's courage, Wolsey's honesty, yet no one can doubt that their characters are exactly true. One cannot analyze their minds any more than one could that of their creator. Only that which is mechanically constructed can be mechanically resolved. In *Nora Burke*, *The Tramp*, *The Playboy*, and the blind couple in *The Well of the Saints* one finds the same qualities. One cannot understand, one must accept, them.

So, too, in spite of the cruelty and grossness that runs through many of the plays, one cannot feel that the persons of the play are gross or cruel. These qualities are but the shadows in the world in which Synge lived, a world whose splendor "was almost a grief of the mind," a world more splendid for the briefness of our vision of it and the blackness of its shadows.

The new edition contains, besides the two books of travel and the five plays that are already well known, Synge's last play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, which was first performed in London last June. This play was something of a disappointment when acted, and though on reading it one feels that it has a dignity which the Abbey Theatre Company (so excellent in plays of common life) failed somehow to realize, the sense of disappointment still remains. The play is well conceived, and in parts finely worked out; the meeting of Naisi and Deirdre on one of those nights of bravery "when a king would spit upon his arm ring and queens will stick their tongues out at the rising moon" has much beauty, as has the scene in which they determine to return to the King's Palace and certain death after their seven years of love in Alban. One gets a glimpse of many motives, some expressed, some inarticulate, over all of which there broods the fear that they will outlive the perfection of their love, the feeling that a love which is not nourished on active life and noble deeds must wither, and the sense of the doom that is on them, "the way there will be a story told of a ruined city and a raving king and a woman will be young for ever." Fine, too, is the way in which Deirdre, tortured beyond endurance by the immanence of separation, drives Naisi to the death he cannot avoid with an unfathomable cruelty, and after his fall, when there is no more to strive for, "puts away sorrow like a shoe that is worn out

and muddy," and goes to her self-sought death in peace and exaltation, conscious of the nobility of her life and of her end "that shall be a joy and triumph to the ends of life and time." Yet the play falls as a whole. It is not kept at the necessary imaginative pitch, and the characters lack solidity. Perhaps the approach of his last illness had somewhat sapped his powers, or it may be that the old legend, like the "plumed yet skinny shee" of one of his poems, could not give him the inspiration he found in the common life of his people. Certainly the plumes are fine, but the body something skinny.

The volume which contains *Deirdre* also gives us some new verse which certainly heightens one's opinion of Synge's powers as a poet. He approached poetry with a theory (always a dangerous attitude for a poet) that poetry had become too remote from common life, and that "before it can be human again it must learn to be brutal." The result in such of his work as had been previously published was a certain crudity and ugliness; force there was undoubtedly, but one missed the rhythm and beauty which haunt the exquisite cadence of his prose. Three poems in the present volume, "The 'Mergency Man,'" "Danny," and "Patch-Shaneen," show his theory at its best. In them he comes, perhaps, nearer to the true spirit of the ballad than any poet of our time. The second, with its description of the black-guard coming unsuspecting to his death—

It wasn't long till Danny came
From Bangor making way,
And he was damning moon and stars
And whistling grand and gay—

is perhaps the most striking of the three. If Synge had lived longer (he died at 39, after a literary life of only eight or nine years) and written a greater body of verse, there can be lit-

the doubt that he would have made of it a fuller medium of expression. As it is, his poetry remains something of an experiment. But every experiment of a man of such power is worth preservation and study, and Messrs. Maunsel

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have done the reading public a service in preparing this collected edition of his works. We only regret that they have not been able to preserve Mr. W. B. Yeats's prefaces to some of the earlier editions.

BENJIE AND THE BOGEY MAN.

The change of weather foretold by Benjamin Prowse came, just as he had predicted, during the night with the turn of the tide. First a little billow rolled in from the sou'-south-east: then the wind dropped out to that quarter. The sea began to make. A misty cloud hid the setting moon, filled the sky, and cloaked the tops of the cliffs in vapor.

At peep of day Benjie's nephew crept round the foot of West Cliff towards Western Bay. So long as his feet scrunched companionably on the narrow strip of shingle between the cliff and Broken Rocks he continued talking to himself. "'Tis full o' it," he complained, glancing at the cloud and mist. "Benjie won't never stay down along there—just when he'd better to for once. Who'd ha' thought this fellow'd ha' turned up here this time o' day? Never see'd the like o' it!"

Arrived at the bay, Bill Prowse sat down and waited silently, peering along to the westward, and at intervals looking above his head to make sure that the soft red cliff was not falling out upon him.

It was one of those very gray dawns, when there seems to be plenty of light long before any object can be made out distinctly. The white calm of the evening before, when Benjie had put to sea, was replaced by several broken lines of surf flowing in across the flat sand, fading westward into the loom of Steep Head, and filling the whole bay with a re-echoed plaintive rattle. Gulls, looking nearly twice their size,

stalked about in the shallow water after sand-eels.

By and by a boat became visible suddenly, just outside the broken water. Prawn-nets were piled up high on the stern. One man was sheaving—standing up with bent back and rowing forwards—whilst the other man pulled in the ordinary manner, seated face astern.

"That's ol' Benjie, right enough," observed Bill Prowse.

He got up, walked to the water's edge, and, putting his hands funnel-wise to his mouth, shouted as if he did not want to be overheard. "Bogey man! Bogey man to beach! 'Spector! Bide here a bit."

The rowing ceased. A word like "What?" came from the boat.

"Bogey man! Fishery 'Spector!"

The next words from the boat sounded like, "Be the capstan fixed?"

"Bogey man!" answered Bill.

But voices failed to carry across the noise of the surf. The boat could approach no nearer. Benjie had to turn it quickly in order to meet a broken wave bows on. He began rowing again with short, irritable strokes, and finally steered the boat outwards to clear Broken Rocks.

Bill Prowse's shouting died away helplessly: "Bogey man! Bogey-ey-ey . . ."

And still the boat held on its course for Saltertown beach.

Bill followed hurriedly alongshore. "This here's what comes," he grum-

bled, "of Benjie blowing his hooter to the likes o' Vivian Maddicke. 'Don't care,' he says 'for no inspector what ever lived.' But 'tis best never to say nort to gentry—always was an' always will be."

II.

Two or three fishermen, and one other man slightly apart, stood waiting at the foot of the beach. Benjie ran the boat ashore, high on the crest of a wave; then jumped into the wash and lifted out half a dozen prawn-nets with their lines and cork buoys. "That'll lighten her," he said. "Now haul!"

His round sailor's cap was perched on one side of his head; his torn jumper was askew; seawater ran in streams from his patched greenish-blue trousers, which also were askew; and his wrinkled face, within its fringe of gray beard, was noticeably haggard after the night's toil. With his arms spread wide over the hoops of the nets and his head bent down by their weight, he almost bumped into the stranger. Whereupon he pulled up short. Screwing himself still farther sideways, he quizzed the man; mocked him silently with deeply crows-footed blue eyes, at once both childlike and shrewd.

"Who be *you* then?" he inquired, placing his prawn-nets very deliberately on the shingle. "Who be you? 'Tisn't often the likes o' you starch-collar sort o' people comes down for to help lend a hand."

The fishermen drew nearer.

"N'eet any o' our own sort nuther," flashed Benjie, "so early as this in the day."

The stranger, a man in a bowler hat and a dark stuff overcoat of indifferent fit, cleared his throat.

"'Tis the bogey man, Benjie—the 'Spector!" put in Bill Prowse breathlessly.

"I knows that," said Benjie with scorn. "I know'd 'en all right. How long is it since you've a-favored us wi' a visit, sir? Eh?"

"Let me see your crabs and lobsters," demanded the bogey man.

"Hold hard, Mister 'Spector. Us been shrimping—prawning you calls it—prawning wi' the boat-nets—an' the prawns I catches I never shows to nobody. I ain't got no lobster pots. They was washed ashore an' broken up last October gales, an' I can't afford to replace 'em."

"But you catch lobsters in your prawn-nets . . ."

"For sure us do."

"Well, I want to see them."

"There they be then."

Benjie pointed towards the boat and made as if to lift up his nets.

"Show them to me," said the Inspector, taking a measure from his pocket.

"You *be* the 'Spector, ben' 'ee?"

"No nonsense, now," replied the Inspector irritably. "It's my duty to inspect the catches in this fishery district."

"Very well, then; inspect away. If 'tis your duty, you can't help o' it. You'm paid for the same. But 'tisn't my duty for to help 'ee. I bahn't paid for thic. There's the boat."

Benjie scratched his whiskers: "And lookse here, Mister 'Spector. These here's me prawns what I've a-labored for this night. Be so kind as to look."

He took a small canvas bag from the bows of the boat, walked into the sea, and shook out its contents. The few prawns that stuck in it by their spines he picked out and threw into the water after the rest. "There!" he said amiably. "Nort but prawns there. You see'd that. But you didn't see how many Benjamin have a-catched, an' you never won't; n'eet they there starch-collar jokers nuther—gen'tlemen

they calls themselves—what goes downshore disturbing o' it an' catching a man's living for sport, so they says. Poaching *I* calls it. 'Twas some o' they set 'ee on to me 'cause I won't tell 'em what I catches, nor where I shoots my nets. Iss, 'twas! *I* knows. There's the boat. You can b—y well 'spect the rest o' what I caught. I be going in house for me dinner an' a couple o' hours' sleep. Ain't had a bite since yesterday noon nor any sleep this three nights. I on'y hope your *duty* won't never bring 'ee to keeping a roof over your head wi' shrimping—an' measuring the crabs an' lobsters what you catches wi' an inch-rule in the dark."

Leaving the boat and the nets where they were, Benjie shouldered some drift-wood and strode up the beach.

"I shouted to 'ee t'other side o' rocks," Bill Prowse protested.

Benjie stopped and turned, his bearing and appearance that of an ancient prophet. "Hell about your shouting! Let 'en 'spect, I say. I'll get in out o' it."

He did.

The other fishermen stood with their hands in their pockets on top of the sea-wall, while the bogey man routed about in the boat. Undersized lobsters had been thrown for'ard, among some old cordage and bottles of tea; crabs were scuttling all over and under the bottom-boards and stern-sheets. Most of them were wildsters, but the bogey man did find half a dozen or so of tamesters. Doubtful specimens he measured carefully. When he had finished, he put the under-sized shell-fish into one of Benjie's sacks.

"An' the sack alone's wuth half a pint," Bill Prowse remarked in the Bogey man's hearing. "Ol' Benjie's so honest an' harmless a man as ever put to sea, for all he has his say out when he's a-minded. He've a-worked too hard all his life for to deserve a turn-

out like this here, I reckon. I tried to warn 'en, but Benjie won't never hear . . ."

"What be talking 'bout. You can swim, can't 'ee? Could ha' done that—could ha' swimm'd out to 'en."

"You didn't try to warn 'en 't all, did 'ee? An' then you blames me . . ."

"What's the fine? Twenty pound?"

"Benjie'll never pay thic out o' his profits. He'll hae to sell up his fishing-boat an' nets—aye, an' then go short after that. P'raps they won't make 'en pay, fust time an' all. If the likes o' they, what makes such laws, know'd what the likes o' us has to contend with. . . . But there! they don't know, nor never won't, n' eet care. Benjie'll tell 'em off, you see. . . ."

"G'out! Let's haul up the boat for 'en. What's the use o' Benjie blowing his hooter?"

III.

Benjie was all but late for court. He had gone west downshore to pick up some driftwood for firing, and an unexpected easterly breeze gave him a pull home against wind and chop such as few men would have attempted. No time was left him to change his clothes.

Vivian Maddicke was on the bench. He always is. He takes his duties as a gentleman and a magistrate almost as seriously as he takes himself. That is to say, he does try, at considerable personal inconvenience, to administer justice,—to hold the balance between an efficient and respectful police force and an unruly lower class. He spends, indeed, not a little of his abundant leisure in pointing out to the poor the advantages of hard work, and in impressing upon them his own view of right and wrong. Hence it is, possibly, that his subscriptions and charities and justice hardly bring him a fair return in popularity.

When Benjie entered the court in his

ragged discolored longshore rig, a faint expression of disgust passed over Vivian Maddicke's pale but otherwise healthy face. He ordered two windows to be opened. "Let us have some fresh air," he said. "Never mind the draught."

Benjie, though he appeared to be examining the nail-heads in the floor, was all the time looking up at the bench from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. He understood the slur very well. Still fingering nervously his old round cap, he turned a pair of candid eyes full on Vivian Maddicke, and Vivian Maddicke, who had been gazing benevolently round the court-room, turned his face to the papers on his desk.

The case proceeded. There was no legal defence: Benjie had not purchased legal advice.

"When I tells 'em how us be situated . . ." he had said. But he was too much on his guard to give any useful evidence, even on his own behalf. The undersized crabs and lobsters were produced—it is wonderful how they fall off in appearance when they have died otherwise than in boiling water. Vivian Maddicke took the opportunity of remarking, "I thought we should require some fresh air."

The Clerk to the Sea Fisheries Committee—a spruce young lawyer in a hurry—did not wish to press the case too hard. They would be satisfied with a fine sufficient to show that the regulations of the Sea Fisheries Committee must not be trifled with. The costs of inspection and of prosecution were heavy. He would respectfully suggest to his worship . . .

But his worship was not to be hustled among his own people, as he regarded them, by an outside lawyer. He sat back in his chair, crossed his legs in the magisterial manner, and dug his quill into his desk. When the lawyer had quite finished, he began.

In fining Benjie one pound, including costs, he remarked that it was not a large sum (murmurs of disapproval from fishermen at the back of the court), and that fishery inspectors were not to be trifled with or defied. Furthermore, he impressed upon Benjie in the most kindly manner possible that little lobsters grow into big ones.

"Iss, sir," said Benjie, "but the little ones be better eating if people only know'd it, same as mackerel."

With a passing reference to the depletion of the North Sea fisheries, the magistrate stated it as a fact, that if the fish were not in the sea they could not be caught out of it.

"For sure, sir!" Benjie assented. Under cover of being ready and willing to learn, he was edging in his remarks skilfully; for it was by no means the first time he had tackled the gentry who think they can teach fishermen their trade. With every show of respect, moreover, he was capturing the laugh in court.

Fishery Boards, Vivian Maddicke continued patiently, were created to protect the fisheries. Their regulations were framed in the interest of the fishermen themselves, so that there might be more fish caught.

"Don't you believe that, sir," burst forth Benjie with intense conviction. "Do *you* think the likes o' they makes rules and regylations so that the likes o' us can catch more fish? 'Tisn't likely! They bain't afeard o' us not catching fish. What they'm afeard o' is that *they* won't hae no fish to eat, or won't hae 'em so cheap. Us! I've a-know'd the time when I could go down along an' catch a pound's-wuth o' lobsters in half a dozen rounds wi' the boat-nets; but I can't do it now. An' why for? Not 'cause *us* have a-catched 'em. That's just what us an't done. An' nuther you, sir, n'eet they there Fishery Boards, nor eet me, that have know'd this coast for sixty years,

can tell where they'm gone to. Don't you believe they makes their regylations for the good o' us. I can tell 'ee better. How have 'em bettered fishing? I wants to know."

The magistrate's clerk had risen during Benjie's passionate harangue. Vivian Maddicke motioned him down. Benjie, by force of his sincerity and in virtue of his long hard experience, held the court.

"I did not, you understand, frame the regulations," Maddicke explained. "My duty is to see they are enforced."

"Iss! Duty! That's what thic Inspector said down to beach . . ."

"One pound," Vivian Maddicke repeated with dignity. "And you can have a fortnight to pay in."

Rising from the bench, he added, "If you care to talk to me out of court about the conditions of your work, I shall be pleased to hear; and perhaps, if there is any special hardship, I can do something in the matter."

"Hardship! Hardship, do 'er say?" Addressing everyone around, gesticulating, trembling with speech, Benjie was hustled from the courtroom by those whose duty it is to do such jobs.

He did not go home as he was told to do; he waited outside the magistrate's entrance (other fishermen waited too at a discreet distance), and when Vivian Maddicke appeared, picking bits of fluff from the front of his coat, Benjie stood resolutely before him.

"You said as you'd like to know, sir; an' you ought to know how we'm situated; an' I be going to tell 'ee. You ought to know the nature o' it, sir; you ought to know what us got to contend with, afore you fines a man more 'n he can pay wi'out selling up some o' the gear what he's got to earn his living with."

"But you've a fortnight to pay in."

"An' I thank you, sir, for that. An' I tell 'ee what, . . . I know'd your

father; a proper gen'leman he was; he used to go fishing 'long wi' me afore you was born. You come down 'long wi' me one night an' see what 'tis like for yourself. Then you'll know. Duty ain't never no excuse for not knowing. You can row, can't 'ee?"

"I used to go in for rowing; and if you'll send up and let me know when you're going, I *will* come."

"That's spoken proper, sir, like your ol' man hisself. 'Tisn't everybody I'd take 'long with me; but you come, just for one night. That'll teach 'ee more 'n any amount o' chackle. I'll send up for 'ee right 'nuff. Why! I mind when . . ."

Maddicke said "Good morning" with the air of a man who has an appointment to keep.

"Good morning, an' thank you, sir," returned Benjie.

To the other fishermen, who joined him for the walk back to the beach, all he would say was: "You bide a bit an' see. The likes o' they sort thinks they bain't ignorant, an' us be."

IV.

Benjie had luck. One afternoon the next week he hauled his boat down the beach, piled his prawn-nets beside it, then waited, instead of telling his fisherman mate to get ready.

"What be biding for?" asked Bill Prowse. "You bain't going to take *he* t'night, be 'ee?"

"Iss, I be. Why for not? Nice calm night, ain't it. 'Er can't very well be sea-sick."

Bill Prowse jerked his head to seaward.

The sun had begun to sink behind the dark mass of Steep Head. The water, a dead calm, was nevertheless not white calm, as it should have been, for to the south'ard and overhead the piled-up sky was black and heavy. It overshadowed the sea; seemed to be pressing down upon the water. And

there was a feeling of unrest in the still air.

"Looks thundery, don' it?" Bill observed. "'Twas just such another day as this us had this waterspout. Don't like the looks o' it. You'll get he caught in a storm o' rain, an' wind too, p'raps."

"What if I do? 'Twon't hurt 'en. An't never hurted me. Send your Polly up to tell 'en I be shoving off in an hour an' should be glad o' his company, if he's minded to some. Tell 'en 'twill be perty cold come midnight."

Vivian Maddicke, clothed as if for a shooting expedition in the Arctic regions, was down to the minute. "You might have given me a longer warning," he remarked with make-believe jollity.

"Ah!" said Benjie, "so might, if you was going for a drive on land, like you'm used to. But when you'm depending on the sea you never knows from hour to hour what you'm going to be about."

Very polite as host, but as skipper of his own craft not to be played with, he put the bow-oar into Maddicke's hand. With the fleet of sixteen nets and their buoys piled up on the stern seats, they rowed away westward over Broken Rocks, along the shore into the wet golden haze of sunset. Whether or no Maddicke found his sea oar and the beamy boat heavier than he had expected, they did not arrive underneath Steep Head till its outlines were blurred in the twilight, till its redness was become black, and it seemed nothing but a vast overhanging shadow tenanted by mewing but hardly visible sea-gulls.

"Now," commanded Benjie, "you row w' both paddles, please, while I baits the nets, an' then us'll shoot 'em across Conger Pool just the other side o' the Head. Keep her like that. You'll get wet if you splashes. You don't need for to strain yourself."

From one of his catty sacks Benjie took out a mass of putrid fishmonger's offal—fish heads and plance from which the meat had been filleted—which he cut up and fitted into the cross-strings of the nets. The smell made Maddicke shudder; he turned his head this way and that, but there was no escaping the stink—the various sorts of stink. It took the strength out of him as the smell of dead things will do.

"An' now," directed Benjie with a quiet chuckle of satisfaction, "you paddle along slow across Conger Pool, while I shoots the nets."

Taking up the hoops from a tangle of corks and lines, trying the baits again to make sure, he cast the nets into the water about three boats' length apart, and threw the buoys and lines after them. Maddicke was glad to see them go. He heard Benjie talking all the time, but his brain did not gather very well the sense of what the old man was saying. He sweated at the oars, and yet he was cold. Steep Head loomed above them. The sound of the swell, breaking, rattling, swishing among the rocks, had in it a sullen wildness not noticeable during full daylight.

"An' now," said Benjie, when he had shot the sixteenth net and had taken its bearings, "you can hae a bit o' supper. Us got a night's work afore us.—No? Won't 'ee hae nort? Well I never don't nuther when I be shrimping, 'cept a mouthful o' cold tay. The bread and butter I brings I generally gives to the birds or else carries it home to breakfast. There! Did 'ee hear thic cliff rooze out to the west'ard? 'Twill all be into the sea one day, Steep Head an' all. Aye! 'tis an iron-bound shop, this here, but the sea has it sooner or later, specially after rain."

"There hasn't been much rain lately?"

"No. But there's been frostises, an' that's every bit so bad. Now us'll

haul up an' see what's there. Perty night for shrimping, this, if it don't come on dirty. Can 'ee see the end buoy? You can't? There 'tis! Now row t'ards it—easy now!"

Benjie's directions came fast and peremptory whilst, with the help of the tiller, he grabbed the lines and hauled the nets up through the water, at first gently, then as swiftly as possible. "Pull your outside oar—pull inside—inside, not outside—back outside—back both. You'm on the line—steady—steady there! Pull outside—both—easy. Easy, easy now! I can't haul 'em up straight while you be pulling. Wants some learning, don't it, this here job? Now row easy up to the next buoy while I shoots this out again. Can't 'ee see it? I can. There 'tis, thic little black mark in the water just outside the shadow o' the cliff."

Feeling around the inside of the net, shaking it, holding it up dripping to what light there was, Benjie caught the lobsters and threw them for'ard in the boat, chased the wild crabs with his hands and threw them aft, and placed the prawns carefully in a basket beside him. Then he shot the net, and the volley of directions began all over again—all over again for each net. Meddicke was confused by them. He was still more confused, and irritated also, by his own mistakes. He breathed hard with vexation. At the end of the fourth round, the sixty-fourth haul, he was plainly flagging. He was "proper mazed."

"You be jumping the water w' your oars. You'll catch one o' they there t'other sort o' crabs an' crack your skull if you bain't careful," Benjie warned him with perceptible satisfaction. "Better to take a rest, an' while I count the prawns, you measure the lobsters like they says us ought to. Here's a footrule I got. The lobsters be under your feet an' for'ard. If

you can't see, better to strike a match. We'm out o' everybody's sight here—about."

Maddicke felt for a lobster in the dark, and after several gingerly attempts—and several amiable warnings from Benjie to mind its claws—he succeeded in holding it. He found also the nine-inch mark on the rule; but while he was trying to spread the lobster out flat on a thwart and to feel where the tip of its beak was, according to regulations, the thing nipped him suddenly and savagely.

"Ough!" he cried like a child. "Ough—ah-h-h!"

"What's the matter there? Can't 'ee do it?" he heard from the shadow of Benjie, aft.

"It's bitten me—it's biting me—now!"

"Squeeze his eyes, then he'll leave go. Lord! They bites me every night, but I don't take no heed o' it."

Maddicke tore at the lobster. His other hand was nipped—in the fleshy part of the thumb. He broke off one claw, and still the other held fast. He stood up and dashed his hand about. He trod on lobsters and crabs. The boat seemed alive with them. The squashy cracking of their shells, partly heard and partly felt. . . . He breathed hard with excitement and with something not far short of horror.

"Aye!" remarked Benjie coolly, breaking the nipper from his hand, "a boat in the dark ain't no fit place for measuring lobsters. You've a-spoiled thic. He won't fetch sixpence now. Fine cock-lobster too, what didn't never need no measuring."

Maddicke, having done the wrong thing, tried to put it right. He fumbled in his pocket and held out a shilling to Benjie.

"What's that for?"

"Well, I've spoilt a lobster that didn't need measuring at all, you say. . . ."

"You just put thic whatever 'tis back into your pocket, please. The llikes o' us an't got the money for to pay for what us spoils. 'Twasn't your fault. You didn't know. But there! You wasn't brought up to it like us be. A bit upset, be 'ee? I could feel 'ee shaking. You hae a rest while I goes ashore an' looks in one or two lobster-holes I knows for. You stay in the boat. 'Tis nearly low tide an' her won't hurt for an hour or so where I'll leave 'ee; 'tis a little natural harbor like. If you got time, you can measure the rest o' 'em an' chuck the undersized ones overboard, when you'm feeling better. My senses, ain't it dark!"

Maddicke saw Benjie jump out of the boat with a skim-net in his hand, glimpsed him hopping from the nearest rock to the next one, then saw nothing except the black darkness; but he heard an uncanny chuckle which might equally have come from a man or from a half-awakened sea-bird. Unstrung already by the cold, by hunger, by the unusual toll, by the blind savagery of the lobster, by Benjie's relentless volleys of directions, and above all by his own failures to carry them out, he heard with an oppressive sense of something terrible impending that mutterings of thunder to the southward were being answered by rumblings overland. Everything else was for the moment hushed. A flash of lightning revealed Steep Head, its pinnacles and the patches of bush and bracken upon its upper slopes, and showed up brightly the tumbled rocks around the boat and the blackness of the hollows between them. Rain splashed down. Maddicke shrank into his coat.

Presently, with a flash that made the blood prick in his veins, and crashes that hit like blows, the storm broke right overhead. Flash followed flash; crash followed crash, and echoed against the cliff. There was no rest

from blinding light and overwhelming noise. The solid earth was in an uproar. Steep Head, it seemed was toppling over, was tumbling down upon him.

He tried to reassure himself, then suddenly gave way. In obedience to a blind impulse of flight, he scrambled out of the boat into water that was knee-deep. He gained the rocks, slipped on some seaweed, bruising himself, and fell headlong into a pool. Jumping up quickly, he felt around him. Rocks were everywhere—wherever he felt, wherever he tried to go. By the light of the flashes they looked like squat live things, extending on every side, endlessly. The boat was what he wanted again most of all; that at least seemed to be partly human, to be company for him. But the boat he had lost. He did not even know in which direction it lay. Another flash lit it up only a couple of paces from where he was standing. He lunged out and clutched it, as if it would have slipped away from him. It was a refuge, though the rain ran down his back as he sat on the wet stern-seat. "Benjamin! Benjamin Prowse!" he called. "Benjie! Come back!"

Had he looked the right way during a flash he would have seen Benjie's face, screwed up with laughter and mockery, peeping at him round a rock close by.

There was no escaping the cruel brightness of the storm; no escaping the continuous tumult of thunder. Flashes there were that sounded like the crackling of dry twigs; others like the flicking of whips. The thunder, reverberating in the darkness, was a relief from the lightning. Sometimes Maddicke caught sight of the grotesque shapes of the shell-fish; crabs standing up on their hinder legs, bubbling at the mouth, and looking at him with their stalk-like eyes; lobsters—black, shining, and fantastic—brandishing

their claws. He crouched down on his seat, away from the madness of the sky. He tried to lift up his feet, away from the malice of the wild crabs. The noise they made, scuttling around the boat, teased the silences between the peals of thunder. He covered up his face and ears. He ceased struggling to escape. A shapeless fear, a formless misery that was almost a relief, took possession of him. He was done.

At last Benjie stepped carelessly into the boat, as if he were boarding a railway train. Maddicke grabbed his wet trousers. "Let's get home!" he gasped. "I can't stand it."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Benjie coolly. "You be flittering like a sail that's up in the wind's eye. We'm going home right 'nuff. There'll be wind along after this. My senses, what a storm! Did 'ee hear it? But I've a-see'd worse, aye! an' down here- under, too."

Maddicke stayed still; did nothing to help put the boat to rights. He was helpless. Benjie took hold of him, laid him gently in the bow of the boat, covered him up, head and all, with sacking, took both oars, and rowed homewards.

Underneath the sacking that smelt of cats, Maddicke dozed off, with the regular rocking sound of the oars in his ears. When that stopped he awoke and looked out dully. The storm had drifted away to the eastward. It was bright starlight above. The boat was just outside Salterport. To see the sheltering town, with its gaslights so close at hand, was like waking from a nightmare to find the morning sun shining into the room. Maddicke, safe at home, was another man. His confidence returned, and at the same time he felt ashamed—so ashamed that he did not think of helping to haul up the boat.

While Benjie was saying, "An' now

you know what the likes o' us got to contend with," he poked stiff, damp fingers into one of his pockets. "If you will send up to-morrow," he said, with returning dignity, "I will give you the sovereign to pay your fine. . . ."

Benjie flared up. "If *you* thinks I be 'bliged to call on the likes o' you for the pound to pay me fine wi', you'm much mistaken. I be only too glad you knows the nature o' it. Now you can tell 'em what *you* thinks. Tell 'em all o' it, not only what's suiting to 'ee. I don't want no pound for teaching o' 'ee. Be your gold for to pay me for me silence o' what I've a-see'd this night when I peeped at 'ee there in the boat to Conger Pool? Didn't know I was looking, did 'ee? A perty sight for any one as calls hisself a man! Pity thic Fishery Board, what you does your duty to, couldn't ha' see'd it!"

Maddicke, with a miserable gesture, turned towards the seawall lights to go up the beach; and, on catching sight of his woe-begone face, Benjie added in a kindlier tone: "Lookse here, sir, you an't got no call proper for to be ashamed o' fearing the storm. There's many a man born an' bred to fishing what's mortal afeard o' a thunder-storm to sea, an' 'tis worse down under they cliffs; an' nobody what an't been there wouldn't think what 'twas like; for 'tis a great an' terrible thing, look you, an' man be nort in the midst o' it. Lord's sakes, an' I felt like it when I been down there by meself. Will 'ee hae a lobster or two to carry home? You'm very welcome.—Well, then, good night to you, sir, an' thank you. Only don't you deceive yourself that I be going to send up to 'ee for money to pay for what *you* didn't know. That ain't Benjamin. Good night!"

Benjie went so far as to pat Maddicke on the shoulder.

The sovereign was sent down right

enough next morning, together with a note which nobody has ever seen; and Benjie did accept it. As to the bogey
Blackwood's Magazine.

man—Benjie congratulates himself that the bogey man has never been seen on the beach since.

Stephen Reynolds.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

We reprint Mr. Owen Seaman's paper on "The Poetical Works of Robert Browning," with the correct answer to each question.

1. From which of his poems (not itself a drama) may we gather that Browning fancied himself as a playwright? *Answer:* "A Light Woman."
2. How does one of the poet's unnamed characters propose to treat his runaway wife if they should meet in Paradise? Quote the actual words. *Answer:* "I will pass, nor turn my face."
3. You and I and Galileo—what defect common to us all is noted by Browning? *Answer:* Incapability of seeing the other side of the moon.
4. "For they do all, dear women young and old,
Upon the heads of them bear notably
This badge of soul and body in repose."

What was the badge? and in what country worn? *Answer:* White cotton nightcaps. Normandy.

5. Which two of Browning's characters had the best whole day's holiday? *Answer:* Pippa and Hervé Riel.
6. "All's gules again." On whose arms? and how was the color re-

The Cornhill Magazine.

stored? *Answer:* The Treshams'. By blood.

7. What is Browning's so-called rhyme for Lucifer? *Answer:* "News of her."
8. "Here is the lover in the smart disguise." What was the scene of this observation? *Answer:* Castelnovo.
9. (a) To whom did Browning give the title "sun-treader"? (b) Who took her name from the flower of the wild pomegranate? *Answers:* (a) Shelley. (b) Balaustion.
10. (a) Quote the passage in which Browning laughs at Byron's grammar. (b) In which other of his longer poems does he ridicule Byron's address to Ocean in "Childe Harold"? *Answers:* (a) "There let him lay"—the swan's one addled egg! (b) Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society.
11. Who described Elys' head as being "sharp and perfect like a pear"? Who quoted, and to whom, the song in which these words occur? *Answer:* Sordello. Palma to Taurello.
12. Who was it that found, in the spectacle of "Charles's Wain" at midnight, a sign that he must get his hair cut at once? *Answer:* Mr. Sludge, the Medium.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC SALARIES.

There has been some discussion of late in the United States—and it is a problem which deserves wide attention—on the question of whether the officials of corporations and financial institutions and public offices are paid too little or too much. The question what a particular man is worth to a particular company or city or State is, of course, one that cannot be decided

on abstract principles, nor would it be easy to lay down the general lines of remuneration. A fixed salary is at best only an approximation to the value of services rendered. The most successful and enterprising business men naturally like to be paid by results, or to be partners sharing in the profits. Others, again, who dislike risk, and like to be able to sleep at night, are

quite content with a substantial salary. This type gravitates to old-established institutions like banks and insurance companies which proceed mainly on the fixed salary principle; or to the national and local civil service where the salaried official lives and multiplies amazingly. But it must have struck anyone acquainted with business or city life, as well as those who have studied and criticized public finance, that profits and rewards are apt to be very unequally and very unfairly divided. There is probably as little jobbery and as little favoritism here as in any rich country; but there is a great deal too much of both. Under the joint-stock company system there is a tendency to appoint ornamental directors, who obtain considerable fees for doing practically nothing, and confide entirely in salaried managers and officials whose business qualities and values they are incompetent to gauge. It is to be feared that there are many men drawing a large income as directors of a dozen or more companies whose aggregate business services to the community cannot be compared with those of a good manager earning half the amount in treble the time by hard work and careful attention to the affairs of a single concern. On the other hand, a good director is an invaluable asset to any company. During the last twenty years, which roughly coincide with the creation of vast trusts and corporations for the capitalization of the tariff, the United States has been the great pioneer in fancy salaries. It is said, probably with truth, that the hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year salaries, even including royalty, would not run into four figures for the whole world. No doubt, if ever our super-tax figures should be published for the purposes of further graduation—and this is only too likely if the present portentous growth of British armaments continues unchecked—

we shall learn how many British citizens possess incomes of £20,000 a year. We do not know of any fixed salary of that amount. It was thought very extraordinary when Mr. Pierpont Morgan drew a London manager from the ranks of the Treasury by offering a salary half as large.

The record salary for America is stated by the *New York Journal of Commerce* to have been that received by Mr. John Hays Hammond from the Guggenheims when he returned to the United States after release from the gaol in which he was lodged for participation in the Jameson Raid. His reputation as a mining engineer led the Guggenheim companies to place all their operations under his charge at a salary, it is supposed, of £50,000 a year. The *New York Evening Post* tells us that the day of fancy salaries is past. There is "an epidemic of reductions in the financial world." The last president of the Steel Trust received \$100,000, but the salary of the new president, Mr. Farrell, has been fixed at \$50,000. Again, the death of Mr. Paul Morton, the president of the Equitable, who was receiving \$80,000, is expected to furnish the trustees with an occasion for economy. In electing his successor, it is said, they will proceed on the theory that \$50,000 will command the services of the ablest man in the business of life insurance. It is noticed that this is the amount received by Mr. Charles Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. There are, perhaps, one or two banks and trust companies in Wall Street which pay their presidents more than £10,000, and there is one paying that salary which presents its president with a handsome bonus every year in addition. But the chief bankers and financiers of New York are also directors of other undertakings, and have many opportunities of getting rich quickly. According to the *New York*

Evening Post, Mr. R. A. McCurdy, of the Mutual Life, who drew \$150,000 a year, enjoyed the highest salary ever paid to the president of any life insurance company in the United States. Outside New York, it is said, a salary of \$50,000 "looks as big as a house," and with one or two possible exceptions in Chicago, no bank officer in the West gets more than \$35,000 a year. It may be added that the Equitable elects its presidents by the vote of a board of no less than fifty-two directors, who represent the policy-holders and the shareholders in equal proportions.

When we turn from private business to public service we find that a much higher standard prevails in Great Britain than in the United States if we contrast the income of our King and Royal family with that of the American President, or the salaries of our Cabinet with the corresponding Ministers at Washington. On the other hand, our members of Parliament are still unpaid, while Congressmen and Senators have good salaries and perquisites. From a pecuniary point of view, the English Civil Service is very tempting to un-enterprising undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge who have discovered a talent for success in the art

of examinations, while for those who have influence or pedigree there are plenty of nice positions in the Foreign Office, the Education Office, and other departments which have managed to evade the levelling march of democracy and competition. With ordinary luck a Civil Service clerk will in a few years earn from £800 to £1,000. He will have a fine room in a huge palace that has cost half as much as a Super-Dreadnought. He will have two months' holiday a year, and if he does his duty by his department, extracting larger and larger supplies every year, he will proceed from C.B. through a long row of orders to a very high summit of distinction. But to a City magnate the best jobs in our Civil Service seem poor. What is £2,000 a year in these days of public and private luxury? Indeed, it makes us rather uneasy to think of the very small incomes of men who control and inspect contracts involving millions upon millions of the taxpayers' money. A really competent business man in the Civil Service who can make good bargains for the nation will probably be tempted away by one of the contractors who has suffered from, and therefore appreciates, his skill.

The Economist.

TURKISH AMBITIONS AND BRITISH INTERESTS.

Many of us remember the old Turcopli, a type that has now disappeared from among us. Lord Salisbury's famous confession that we had backed the wrong horse sounded his death-knell. We cannot imagine his shout to-day shaking the roofs of our music-halls. He no longer, alas! is here to sing the praises of "the only gentleman left in Europe." But he has his successors, though of a very different style, and queer figures they cut in their new parts. We remember them

three years ago as the Balkan Committee and the friends of the Macedonian. Whether they did their clients in those days much good may reasonably be doubted, but they certainly had some excuse for their position. The foreigner naturally regarded them as he regards missionaries who are imagined to stir up difficulties in order that England may step in and get profit out of the intervention. However, it really did seem as if something were going to happen at last when the Young

Turks appeared upon the scene with "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality" emblazoned on their banners and a parliament in Stamboul. Then the vindicators of the Christian races became in the twinkling of an eye the apologist of the Turk, who because he talked of liberty and had a parliament was taken at his new face value, and all serious efforts on behalf of the unfortunate Christians dropped.

We gather from an article contributed by Mr. Noel Buxton to the "Nineteenth Century and After" that these simple enthusiasts are beginning to be disappointed in their protégés. He admits that in Macedonia the troops "have behaved no better than in Abdul Hamid's time." We have understood that they behave even worse. Anyway the position of the Christian subjects of the Sultan seems to be worse, for they are being forced into one Ottoman mould, which the ex-Sultan never attempted. The Christian schools are clearly worse off. The same ridiculous Ottomanism is going on there and teachers are withdrawn because they are not Turkish subjects. No public works, no real improvements are carried out for the very good reason that any spare cash there may be in the Treasury is spent on armaments. The railway bridges have to be guarded, bands of marauders are everywhere, and the prisons are crowded. On the other side of the account we have some Christians in the army, but these are given the most menial tasks to perform. There is much rebuilding in progress—"an index of confidence" naively remarks Mr. Buxton "not adequately reflected in the views of British residents and commercial men." We have a shrewd suspicion that the "British residents and commercial men" know a good deal better than Mr. Noel Buxton and his fellow sentimentalists what value to place on Turkish "reforms." Fanati-

cism, ignorance, lack of men to administer, and of money he diagnoses as the causes of failure. Even Mr. Buxton seems to recognize the absurdity of a nation in this state of barbarism claiming to be treated as a European State and to abolish capitulations and so on. Yet he tells us that "British influence in laboring actively for the development of Turkey would be serving the cause of European peace."

If this is all that a well-informed apologist like Mr. Buxton can give us as the solution of the Turkish problem, we fear that the attempt to run Turkey on modern lines must be confessed a failure. Yet who that knew anything about Turkey, its history, and the character of its people ever expected anything else from the beginning? It is no satisfaction to us to be able to say "We told you so," but no prediction we made about "Young Turkey" from the first has been falsified. Turks will be Turks and not Europeans, but the natural conceit of the race has been immensely increased by the revolution and its results. As might have been anticipated, in one feature great progress has been made under the new régime. The army is immensely more formidable than it was, it is better equipped, better trained, and better paid. The virtues of the Turks are military, and their one idea of "reform" is a better army. That they are rapidly acquiring. Recently 50,000 men manoeuvred before the foreign military attachés, who pronounced them to be the equals of any European force in infantry or artillery, though the cavalry are less admirable. Ships of war also are being rapidly ordered. What hope is there with money being spent in this way that England can "labor actively for the development of Turkey"? The only labor of the kind likely to be appreciated by the Turks would be a further loan on easy terms. Even Sir Edward Grey does

not seem inclined to let them raise their customs except on terms satisfactory to British interests.

These anticipations are borne out by the very unpromising outlook revealed by the Turkish budget and the comments upon it by that astute financier Djavid Bey, who, by the bye, is not a Turk but a Jew by origin. According to his estimate recently laid before the Chamber there is a deficit on the year of seven million pounds (Turkish), while out of a total expenditure of 34½ millions the amount spent on the army and navy is thirteen millions, getting on well towards half the total expenditure of the country. He also informed the Chamber that "the needs of the War Ministry were bound to increase annually." In addition he foreshadowed a large increase of expenditure on strategical railways, and we have already seen several suggested, for which it is hinted that French financiers will find the funds. "A strong army and sound finance would prove the revival of the Empire to all Europe." Furthermore he hopes that "the British capitalist would seek a field of activity in Turkey." In this last sentiment he cordially agrees with Mr. Buxton, though hardly as to the direction in which loans once obtained should go.

This then being the existing condition of Turkey and the aims of its rulers as admitted by foreign admirers and Turkish ministers, the rest of the world must naturally begin to consider with some care in what position they are likely to find themselves placed by the revival of Turkish power and ambition. It is certain that at the present time Turkey desires no quarrel with us; on the other hand she finds much more profit accruing to herself from a friendly Germany. The sentimental attachment to this country at one time alleged was the hope that we might prove the champions and finan-

cial supporters of the new régime, as we were fifty years ago of the old. It must also be remembered that after the second revolution the political dreamers who looked to English and French models gave place to the purely military factions who have ever since dominated the scene. The programme of this party—the only party ever likely to have any real power so long as Turkey exists—is clear from their action. It is the Ottomanizing of all the subjects of the Porte, the extension of Ottoman power, and, as a more remote object, the recovery of lost provinces.

One of the most significant moves on the part of Turkey at the present time is her aggression in Persia. While France and England have been denounced by Young Turks for interfering with Persian independence, Turkey herself has been occupying and administering in the north of Persia territory that is undoubtedly Persian. This process, begun under Abdul Hamid, has been carried on under the present régime, for schools have been established and the garrison strengthened at Urmiah. Meanwhile missionaries of the Sunnite persuasion preach to the Persians the desirability of a Turkish Protectorate, the virtues of Germany, and the wickedness of Russia and England. This propaganda is said to be meeting with wide acceptance in Persia; in any case it is a sign of the gradual drawing together of Islam. But the Indian Mohammedans have, we believe, little affection for the Young Turks, though they had a great reverence for Abdul Hamid. The Persian ambitions of Turkey at present, it is true, threaten Russia more than ourselves. When, however, the Bagdad railway is completed with some or all of the other strategical lines now contemplated, the outlook may become serious. A Turkish army highly efficient, as it may then be, which could be rap-

idly conveyed to and concentrated on the Egyptian position and the shores of the Persian Gulf, even if not backed up by Germany, might gravely imperil our interests. But we still hold our trump card, money, and that for the completion of Turkish plans is absolutely necessary and can in the end only be obtained on reasonable terms, if at all, from France and Great Britain. Not a franc or a shilling, therefore, should pass into Turkish pockets save

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under conditions which prevent it being used against British interests and after a satisfactory settlement of difficulties in which Turkey and ourselves may be involved. This will not be effected by sentimental vaporings about "liberty" and "parliamentary government," but by hard bargaining conducted by determined men who know their own minds and the character of the people with whom they are dealing.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

IV.—"THE LOST HEIRESS."

The Scene is laid outside a village inn in that county of curious dialects, Loomshire. The inn is easily indicated by a round table bearing two mugs of liquid, while a fallen log emphasizes the rural nature of the scene. Gaffer Jarge and Gaffer Will-yum are seated at the table, surrounded by a fringe of whisker, Jarge being slightly more of a gaffer than Willyum.

Jarge (who missed his dinner through nervousness and has been ordered to sustain himself with soup—as he puts down the steaming mug). Eh, bor, but this be rare beer. So it be.

Willyum (who had too much dinner and is now draining his sanetogen). You be right, Gaffer Jarge. Her be main rare beer. (He feels up his sleeve, but thinking better of it wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.) Main rare bee, zo her be. (Gagging)) Zure-lie.

Jarge. Did I ever tell 'ee, bor, about t' new squoire o' these parts—him wot cum hum yesterday from furren lands? Gaffer Henry wor a-telling me.

Willyum (privately bored). Thee didst tell 'un, lad, sartain sure thee didst. And Gaffer Henry, he didst tell 'un too. But tell 'un again. It du me good to hear 'un, zo it du. Zure-lie.

Jarge. A rackun it be a main queer tale, queerer nor any them writing chaps tell about. It wor like this. (Dropping into English, in his hurry to get his long speech over before he forgets it.) The old Squire had a daughter who disappeared when she was three weeks old, eighteen years ago. It was always thought she was stolen by somebody, and the Squire would have it that she was still alive. When he died a year ago he left the estate and all his money to a distant cousin in Australia, with the condition that if he did not discover the missing baby within twelve months everything was to go to the hospitals. (Remembering his smock and whiskers with a start.) And here du be the last day, zo it be, and t' Squoire's daughter, her ain't found.

Willyum (puffing at a new and empty clay pipe. Zure-lie. (Jarge, a trifle jealous of Willyum's gag, pulls out a similar pipe, but smokes it with the bowl upside down to show his independence.) T' Squire's darter (Jarge frowns), her bain't (Jarge wishes he had thought of "bain't")—her bain't found. (There is a dramatic pause, only broken by the prompter.) Her ud be little Rachel's age now, bor?

Jarge (reflectively). Ay, ay. A main

queer lass little Rachel du be. Her bairn't like one of us.

Willum. Her do be that fond of zoap and water. *(Laughter.)*

Jarge *(leaving nothing to chance).* Happen she might be a real grand lady by birth, bor.

Enter Rachel, beautifully dressed in the sort of costume in which one would go to a fancy-dress ball as a village maiden.

Rachel *(in the most expensive accent).* Now, uncle George *(shaking a finger at him),* didn't you promise me you'd go straight home? It would serve you right if I never tied your tie for you again. *(She smiles brightly at him.)*

Jarge *(slapping his thigh in ecstasy).* Eh, lass! yer du keep us old uns in order. *(He bursts into a falsetto chuckle, loses the note, blushes and buries his head in his mug.)*

Willum *(rising).* Us best be gettin' down along, Jarge, a rackun.

Jarge. Ay, bor, time us chaps was moving. Don't 'e be long, lass.

[Exit, limping heavily.]

Rachel *(sitting down on the log).* Dear old men! How I love them all in this village! I have known it all my life. How strange it is that I have never had a father or mother. Sometimes I seem to remember a life different to this—a life in fine houses and spacious parks, among beautifully dressed people *(which is surprising seeing that she was only three weeks old at the time; but the audience must be given a hint of the plot),* and then it all fades away again. *(She looks fixedly into space.)*

Enter Hugh Fitzhugh, Squire.

Fitzhugh *(standing behind Rachel, but missing her somehow).* Did ever man come into stranger inheritance? A wanderer in Central Australia, I hear unexpectedly of my cousin's death through an advertisement in an old copy of a Sunday newspaper. I hasten home—too late to soothe his dying hours; too late indeed, to enjoy my

good fortune for more than one short day. To-morrow I must give up all to the hospitals, unless by some good stroke of Fate this missing girl turns up. *(Impatiently)* Pshaw! She is dead. *(Suddenly he notices Rachel.)* By heaven, a pretty girl in this out-of-the-way village. *(He walks round her.)* Gad, she is lovely! Hugh, my boy, you are in luck. *(He takes off his hat.)* Good evening, my dear!

Rachel *(with a start).* Good evening.

Fitzhugh *(aside).* She is adorable. She can be no common village wench. *(Aloud)* Do you live here, my girl?

Rachel. Yes, I have always lived here. *(Aside)* How handsome he is. Down, fluttering heart.

Fitzhugh *(sitting on the log beside her).* And who is the lucky village lad who is privileged to woo such beauty?

Rachel. I have no lover, Sir.

Fitzhugh *(taking her hand).* Can Hodge be so blind?

Rachel *(innocently).* Are you making love to me?

Fitzhugh. Upon my word I — *(He gets up from the log, which is not really comfortable.)* What is your name?

Rachel. Rachel. *(She rises.)*

Fitzhugh. It is the most beautiful name in the world. Rachel, will you be my wife?

Rachel. But we have known each other such a short time!

Fitzhugh *(lying bravely).* We have known each other for ever.

Rachel. And you are a rich gentleman, while I—

Fitzhugh. A gentleman, I hope, but rich—no. To-morrow I shall be a beggar. No, not a beggar if I have your love, Rachel.

Rachel *(making a lucky shot at his name).* Hugh! *(They embrace.)*

Fitzhugh. Let us plight our troth here. See I give you my ring!

Rachel. And I give you mine.

[She takes one from the end of a chain which is round her neck, and puts

it on his finger. Fitzhugh looks at it and staggers back.

Fitzhugh. Heavens! They are the same ring! *(In great excitement)* Child, child, who are you? How came you by the crest of the Fitzhughs?

Rachel. Ah, who am I? I never had any parents. When they found me they found that ring on me, and I have kept it ever since!

Fitzhugh. Let me look at you! It must be! The Squire's missing daughter!

[Gaffers Jarge and Willyum, having entered unobserved at the back some time ago, have been putting in a lot of heavy by-play until wanted.]

Jarge (at last) Lor' bless 'ee, Willyum, if it bain't Squire a-kissin' our Rachel!

Willyum. Zo it du be. Here du be goings-on! What will t' passon say?

Punch.

Jarge (struck with an idea). Zay, bor, don't 'ee zee a zort o' lolkeness atween t' maid and t' Squire?

Willyum. Jarge, if you bain't right, lad. Happen she do have t' same nose!

[Hearing something, Fitzhugh and Rachel turn round.]

Fitzhugh. Ah, my men! I'm your new Squire. Do you know who this is?

Willyum. Why, her du be our Rachel.

Fitzhugh. On the contrary, allow me to introduce you to Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of the late Squire!

Jarge. Well this du be a day! To think of our Rachel now!

Fitzhugh. My Rachel now.

Rachel (who, it is to be hoped, has been amusing herself somehow since her last speech). Your Rachel always!

Curtain.

A. A. M.

A RUSSIAN JUBILEE.

There is a certain grimness in the suggestion that the Russian peasantry are celebrating anything at all. The one popular poem which still finds its way to the booths of village fairs, and is read by any peasant who can read at all, bears the title, "Who can be happy in Russia?" Fifty years of legal freedom have passed over the villages, but no school of optimists has arisen to produce its counterblast to Nekrasof's satire. The calendar marks half a century since "the divine figure from the North" liberated nine millions of serfs, and still it seems a paradox to appoint a jubilee. The news of what ought to be one of the most joyful of European events stands side by side in the columns of our newspapers with revelations of the police-aided murders of the Black Hundreds, and details of the stealthy stifling of liberty in Finland. A great act, which seemed to our fathers the most stupendous and

hopeful happening of their time, has somehow failed to produce its due effect. How often since 1861 has famine stalked over the liberated villages, to decimate as it passed, and to leave in its train the scourge of cholera and typhus? What pictures of the little peasants flogged and bound for arrears of taxes by their own brothers in uniform has not Tolstoy impressed on the retina of our imagination? How often, even in the rich Black Earth zone, have the indignant freemen to whom a good Tsar gave liberty marched out like the still enslaved peasants of France to burn the manors and the granges of the landlords?

After fifty years the clearest verdict that a spectator can pass upon the moral and social condition of these peasants is that every institution and tradition which served as the foundation of their lives has been shattered by alternations of progress and reac-

tion. The decree of Alexander II. found them still convinced of the boundless generosity and good-will of the Tsar. The details of its execution caused them indeed to doubt his power. It was unthinkable that he could have limited the grant of land to the poor acres which actually fell to their share. It was obvious to their minds that he could not have intended to burden them with payments for land which they regarded as their own. But still, when the strange young men and women "simplified themselves," in the phrase of "Virgin Soil," left their Universities behind them, and went down to the people, the peasants received them as disguised enemies, and were firmly convinced, when the same young men and women blew up the Tsar, that these "Sicilists" were only emissaries from their foes, the gentry. A generation passed, and when the Socialists returned once more to the villages, they found the soil ploughed deep by experience, and harrowed by suffering. The Tsar, who fired on Father Gapon's followers, was no longer the father of his people. That pathetic tradition is dead. Gone, too, is the power of the gentry, which the emancipation sapped, and their own commercial incapacity ended by destroying. Going at length is the most venerable institution of all—the village commune. Amid all the changes of recent years in Russia, there is none so momentous as this. From the standpoint of the daily lives of the people, one may doubt whether even the establishment of the Duma is to be compared in importance with M. Stolypin's edict, which prepared the gradual destruction of the *Mir*. While that survived there was a chance that a civilized people might have made the great experiment of combining fraternity with liberty. Its end means that the Russian peasant, who alone had preserved the ideal of mutual aid and

communal property, must struggle towards some ultimate goal of happiness, through the customary phases of individualist exploitation. After fifty years Russia stands raw and half-made. The old era has been shattered in a series of explosions. One can hardly say that a formative or constructive process has so much as begun.

The annals of serfdom in Russia form, perhaps, the most instructive chapter which we could anywhere find in the history of bureaucracy. It is the common assumption in Western Europe that slavery in Russia was a primeval institution, which was destroyed at last by the will of a liberal Tsar. The facts are quite otherwise. The original basis of Russian as of all the Slavonic societies was, perhaps, the freest of any in Europe. It was only the military centralization under the Moscow Tsars amid their long struggles with the Tartar invaders which introduced feudal tenure at all. It was not until the time of Peter the Great that the lands originally entrusted to the nobles in return for service in the field became their personal property. It was not until the time of Catherine II. that the peasants on the lands were definitely recognized in law as the chattels of their owners. Serfdom, by a deliberate policy, became slavery; and, by a series of edicts signed in St. Petersburg, millions of men who had been living in the status of the peasants in Norman England were plunged into a condition resembling that of the slaves in the Southern States. Peter the Great was a colossal figure whom his contemporaries saw in many aspects. To our forefathers he was the uncouth figure who smashed the furniture in Evelyn's hired house, and learnt to build ships at Deptford. To Continental Europe he was the soldier who wore out the military power of the Swedes. To his Russian subjects he was the inno-

vator who acclimatized the alien institution of a bureaucracy. The men of no birth whom he raised into a hierarchy of service had all to be rewarded and endowed, and the readiest form of currency happened to be human souls. The expenses of a brilliant, but half-savage, court had somehow to be maintained. The fortunes of the favorites of Emperors and Empresses had somehow to be made, and by hundreds of thousands the free cultivators on the Crown lands were given away with a ribbon and a star. Catherine II. gave away into slavery, on an average, some 23,000 peasants every year. Paul reached the even more munificent average of 120,000. The glitter of the new civilization and the new discipline was obtained at the cost of a traffic as artificial and as alien from Russian institutions as was the European slave trade from the manners and morals of the Guinea Coast.

Bureaucracy was the curse and bureaucracy was the cure. The emancipation, when it came, came from above, and it came from the very class for whose benefit the new institution of slavery had been created. There had been some literary preparation in the humanitarian literature current among the educated class. There was a minute Liberal minority among the gentry, which, however, was much more interested in the creation of representative institutions than in the liberation of the serfs. The real engineers of this stupendous reform were not the Tsar, nor yet his ministers, but half-a-dozen clever young officials of the second rank, who worked in alliance with a little school of Nationalist journalists. Their guiding idea was certainly not Liberalism. They opposed constitutional reform, mainly on the ground that it would have transferred the balance of power to the gentry, whose intelligence they despised. They looked upon the peasants and the vil-

lage commune as the real treasure of the Russian State and the embodiment of the Russian idea. They despised the opposition of the reactionary majority, which, as the Tsar's friend, Count Siroganov, put it in a remarkable memorial, "will not reason much about it, but only chatter a little." For the peasants, on the other hand, they affected a mixture of respect and sympathy and fear. They deplored their sufferings, extolled their "common sense," and were wont to paint them to the Tsar as "filled with hate," and ever ready to take their share in disturbances. The reform, when it came, betrayed the weakness of the forces behind it. It went far enough to ruin the thriftless nobility. But it gave to the peasants holdings incapable of economic cultivation, and burdened them with a purchase price which has kept them in a penury as pitiable as their former slavery. One thinks of the startling contrast in Japanese history, when the noble class, in a wave of generous enthusiasm, actually consented to abandon the lands which it held by feudal tenure, without so much as the fiction of compensation.

The ascendancy of a little school of Hegelian idealists in the upper ranks of the bureaucracy was of short duration. The Polish rising and the excesses of the Terrorists prepared a reaction, amid which these generous ideals vanished. The bureaucracy which rules to-day has none of the old romantic prepossessions in favor of the Slavonic trinity of God, the Church, and the peasant commune. It is content to avenge God and Church upon Tolstoy's excommunicated bones, while it destroys the *Mir* and delivers the peasantry to the exploitation of the usurer and the drink-seller. The common lands are everywhere being broken up. Reluctantly, under the stress of debt, the peasant claims as his own the little strip which the

commune used to allot him for cultivation between one distribution and the next. It remains his own only while the title-deeds are being transferred to his creditor. Peter the Great replaced the old feudal nobility by a hierarchy of service. M. Stolypin is creating around it and below it a new lower middle-class of little, ignoble proprietors. The old bearded peasant of the blouse and the tall boots is becoming either a landless laborer in the country

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or a homeless factory worker in the town. The bureaucracy is wise in its generation. It will create a new conservative electorate, which may dominate the polls and elect the jerrymandered Duma of to-morrow. It will also create an embittered proletariat, whose day of power will arrive when to-morrow is yesterday. The time is not yet to celebrate the jubilee of Russian freedom. Things move slowly under the snows.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Some recent letters to the *Times* by Canon Beeching have called attention with force and reason to the desirability of emending the Authorized Version of the New Testament in such a way as to save the form and spirit of that glorious possession while correcting the admitted mistakes. The Revisers of the New Testament failed to do this. Three hundred years ago this year the Authorized Version of the Bible was given to the world. It is a suitable occasion, while acknowledging the majesty and simplicity of the translation, to remove the few reproaches which can be brought against it. As Canon Beeching has pointed out, the Revisers of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament and the Revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament employed different methods. The Revisers of the Old Testament retained the old form wherever it was possible; they were rightly indulgent towards everything but mistakes. But the Revisers of the New Testament went much further; they changed the language when there were no mistakes to correct; they made it a rule not to translate the Greek aorist by the English perfect; and they nearly always gave the same rendering to any Greek

word whatever its context might be. Corrections of the Authorized Version are indeed necessary, because it contains undoubted mistranslations, and because the Greek text which was used in 1611, has since been greatly purified by the researches of scholars. But such wide changes as the Revisers of the New Testament introduced strangely ignored the extraordinary hold which the Authorized Version has on the affections of English-speaking people as a symbol of their union, as a standard of undefiled English, and as a revelation of the magic and eloquence of old and simple words. We heartily agree, therefore, with the suggestion that the Authorized Version of the New Testament ought to be revised in the spirit which guided the Revisers of the Old Testament, and we cannot imagine a more appropriate time for the work to be undertaken than in this tercentenary year of the Authorized Version.

We mentioned the New Testament Revisers' practice of generally translating a word in the same way, whatever the context. This was a break with ancient custom. Coverdale has often been spoken of as the first to allow himself latitude in his rendering of a

word according to its context, but really the habit was older. How much of the beauty of the Authorized Version depends upon this latitude—a beauty which involves no error whatever—may be seen in the following sentences from Revelation:—

Rev. xv. 6: "And the seven angels came out of the Temple . . . clothed in *pure* and white linen."

Rev. xix. 8: "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, *clean* and white."

Rev. xxi. 18: "And the city was pure gold, like unto *clear* glass."

In these sentences "pure," "clean," and "clear" all represent the same Greek adjective.

Attempts to make the Bible easier for people to understand sometimes defeat themselves. We would not underrate the aid which the Revised Version of the New Testament has been to people who do not understand Greek; it has often thrown a flood of light on dark passages by its scrupulous accuracy. But it should also be remembered that the Authorized Version has itself created an understanding and knowledge of words and a love of certain happy phrases which did not exist before; and it has thus succeeded amply in explaining itself. It has been said that the language of the Authorized Version was more often used in the common writing and speaking of the nineteenth century than in either the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. As Professor A. S. Cook, of Yale, reminds us in an admirable but too brief book, *The Authorized Version of the Bible and its Influence* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 3s. 6d.), many terms formerly regarded as awkward or alien to the genius of the language are now understood and accepted solely through the influence of the Authorized Version. The translators of the Authorized Version used English words, but not always English phrases. Hebra-

isms were used, but these have now become part of the English language. A characteristic Hebraism, which is not recognized as such to-day, is the "of" in phrases like "the oil of gladness," "King of Kings," and so on. Even early in the nineteenth century Hallam said that the Authorized Version abounded in "obsolete phraseology and single words long since abandoned." To-day, as Professor Cook says, this is obviously less true of the Bible than of Shakespeare. The words which objectors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would have cast out as barbarous have now become familiar not only in poetry but in popular language. Professor Cook takes phrases at random from the Authorized Version which people use in the exchange of ideas every day, phrases which are scarcely thought of as Biblical at all: "highways and hedges," "clear as crystal," "hip and thigh," "arose as one man," "lick the dust," "a thorn in the flesh," "a broken reed," "root of all evil," "sweat of his brow," "heap coals of fire," "a law unto themselves," "the fat of the land," "a soft answer," "a word in season," "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and so forth.

Substantially to change the Authorized Version is to commit a surgical operation on the ages. It has grown up with our modern language, which it has largely formed, enriched, and rejuvenated. It has triumphed on its merits. We call it the Authorized Version, but it has never been proved that it was "authorized" by Parliament, or Convocation, or King. It did not offer itself as a new translation; it gathered together the good of previous translations, and in essence it is the translation of Tindale. "Truly, good Christian reader," said the translators, "we never thought, from the beginning, that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; . . . but to

make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavor, that our mark." As the Authorized Version is substantially Tindale's, it is pertinent to ask what was the motive of Tindale, what the spirit guiding him. Professor Cook reminds us that Tindale had the splendid ideal of making a Version which all the people could understand. "If God spare me life," he said, "ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than you [a theologian] do." The translators of 1611 admitted words which Tindale had rejected as unsuitable to his purpose—for example, they employed "grace" in stead of "favour," and "salvation" instead of "health"—but they passed nothing which, as experience has since proved, could not be easily embraced in the language. "In its production," Gardiner has said truly and well of the Authorized Version, "all sectarian influences were banished, and all hostilities were mute."

This Version soon superseded all others. It alone was read in public worship and in the home, and it came to be accepted with such confidence that, after a time, it was almost forgotten that it was a translation, and people attributed to it a plenary verbal inspiration. It is marvellous to think with how few words it accomplishes its effects. Professor Cook points out that the "New English Dictionary" reckons the words of the English language from A to L as 160,803. Shakespeare uses about 21,000 words; Milton 13,000; but the whole Authorized Version

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uses only about 6,000. Truly eloquence, as Goldsmith says, is not in the words but in the subject. We all know the influence of the Bible on every great modern writer or speaker of the English tongue. Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Tennyson, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, to take only a few names, all admitted the Authorized Version to be their primal source and example. This incomparable possession, with its vast simplicity and moving eloquence, its "preternatural grandeur," as Froude said, and its deep tenderness, is not a thing to be changed by one phrase save where mistranslations or new knowledge of the Greek texts make corrections imperative. The Revisers of the New Testament, it ought to be said, recognized all this. They wrote: "We have had to study this great Version carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm." The case for a more moderate emendation than theirs of the Authorized Version is based on the judgment that their practice was much less admirable than their precept.

All we need is the Authorized Version revised when and where mistranslation can be proved—and by mistranslation we mean something which actually misrepresents and changes the meaning of the original. In that case revision is of course necessary. In every other case let the present Version stand as it is.

RAILWAY REFRESHMENTS.

It was the late George Augustus Sala who, in one of his light chronicles of travel, plaintively asked why passengers on English railways need be starved as well as smashed. As regards the latter half of his complaint, it is ruled out of court by a world-wide experience of rolling-stock and permanent-way, since it may safely be affirmed that in no other country of either hemisphere does a like mileage of railroads show so low a percentage of casualties compared with the passengers as *Whitaker* gives each year for this country. Sala's protest against our railway commissariat, however, is less easily ignored, nor is foreign travel likely to furnish comparisons to its advantage. There are, in fact, in all the globe-trotter's memories of hurried snacks or more deliberate meals at terminus or wayside station, few less savory than such Dead Sea fruit of the British buffet as the anæmic ham sandwich, the patient hard-boiled egg rejected by many, the cold leg of chicken or sausage roll resembling pantomime properties in the old-fashioned harlequinade of the Christmas holidays when boys were boys and not "men." There is, indeed, in the name *buffet* something particularly appropriate to ears unfamiliar with its French pronunciation, for it has many a cruel blow in store for the discriminating palate, and, with so little that is restorative in its unappetizing victuals, it is grossly flattered by the alternative of restaurant or refreshment-room.

Very superior people, who affect plain living and high thinking, hail every allusion to the comforts of the stomach with unconcealed disgust and wince with an ascetic shudder if such gastronomic joys as a goblet of native wine or a savory national stew be mentioned in the same breath with the

splendor of a southern sunset or the apse of an Italian cathedral. To such may be commended the apostolic injunction touching a little wine, or even the more homely maxim of Mrs. Berry in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, "Kisses don't last; cooking do!" They would do well to realize, these killjoys, that the pleasures of the table, contemplated with the fastidiousness of the butterfly, not with the ghoulish appetites of the cormorant, are not out of place in the memories of a cultured holiday.

The railway buffet trades shamefully on the hurry of its patrons. Those who push open its swing doors for a sip or snatch before the train starts are in no mood to exercise the judgment of Brillat-Savarin, but unemotionally sip the boiling coffee or bolt the archaic bun. Their chief concern seems to be for their change; that right, the food matters little, and even if they take the sorry fare back to their compartment to wrestle with at leisure, the train will have put miles between them and the young lady who supplied it ere it turns to ashes in their mouth. Therefore is *caveat emptor!* a counsel of perfection impossible to act upon in the hurry and scurry of a railway journey, with its hundred and one cares of tickets, luggage, newspapers, and the corner seat facing. The meals supplied on long-distance express trains are, particularly in those running north from London, in somewhat better case, and the offence of an occasionally ob-servant potato, more eyes than meal, or of a periodic tough mouthful of New Zealand mutton, which does not improve, like port, with a sea voyage, is wiped out by excellent cheese and celery, while the inclusive price of the repast is such as should make our American visitors smile, since on their own

Railway Refreshments.

"Limited" they cheerfully pay three times as much for very little better value received.

In the Englishman's tribulation over the shortcomings of his railway food, it should be refreshing to find one country at any rate in which the best is inferior to our worst. Russia is commonly, though quite erroneously, referred to by armchair travellers as the land of only two classes, princes and peasants. Although there is an immense middle-class of prosperous traders, whose meals are served at home on a gargantuan scale of both quality and quantity, it is a fact that the fare provided at so important a terminus as Batoum starting-point of the Trans-Caucasian Railroad, which runs *via* Tiflis to Baku, is such as to make even a *mufik* forget his grace. This is the more unintelligible when it is remembered that not only can no mouthful of solid or liquid be purchased on the train, in all its fourteen hours' run to Tiflis, but that Batoum boasts at any rate one hotel with a table that should tickle even the jaded palate of a *gourmet*. The fact however remains that the short-comings of the Batoum buffet are such as to be remembered until death.

Perhaps the choicest railway fare in all the world is to be found here and there in France, though by no means is every terminal station in that country praiseworthy on such grounds. As a matter of fact, the Englishman's first introduction to the land of *chefs* is the reverse of encouraging, and those who, landing at Calais or Boulogne, should, after the struggle through the *douane*,

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despatch a hurried meal of soup and *bifteck* before the *rapide* leaves for Paris, may reasonably find themselves informed with a feeling of amazement that the French *cuisine* should so long have been the theme of universal eulogy. It may be that, in addition to the usual human foibles by which these establishments profit, to the ruin of our digestion, the *restaurateurs* of these Continental gateways rely further on the demoralizing effects of seasickness to make their homely fare pass muster. If, however, their way should lie through Paris to the sunny south, let these pilgrims be strongly counselled to drive round with all speed to the Gare de Lyon, there to spend a profitable hour in tender appreciation of the *table-d'ôte* provided at a reasonable price. The dining-room is reached by a flight of steps, and none surely were ever better worth the climbing. Another admirable little dinner is to be had at the buffet of the Bordeaux station, and a bottle of the *vin du pays* harmonizes with its dishes as perfectly as the chords in an oratorio by Handel. If the traveller can get better fare at his own table, it is a mistake to spend his holidays abroad. In German stations, there is an amazing choice of *Butterbrods* packed with tongue, or ham, or any of half a dozen native cheeses, and the coffee is even better than that sold west of the Rhine. As for the coffee of our English stations, the traveller's feelings, as he burns his tongue with its dreadful brew, are like the surds of his schooldays, incapable of expression in rational terms.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A thoroughly clean and wholesome historical story of the popular order is Hamilton Drummond's latest, "The Justice of the King." The scene is France in the fifteenth century, Louis XI. is the King, and his justice is concerned with the pretended plots of the twelve-year-old Dauphin. There is plenty of intrigue, daring and romance; the hero is a gallant young courtier who believes in the parental affection of the crafty old monarch as implicitly as in the innocence of the boy, and the ingenuity of the author proves equal to bringing him through his adventures without too complete a disillusionment. Philippe de Commines and François Villon play prominent parts. The Macmillan Co.

Slender as it is—not more than half the size of his earlier volumes—with the London fog for background in place of their brilliant southern skies, with the very minimum of incident, no picturesque description, and no heroine, Robert Hichens's latest novel, "The Dweller on the Threshold," will attract by the timeliness of its theme. The actors are a popular preacher and his curate, and their performance is observed, noted and in a measure directed by a professor of psychical research and his colleague. The two clergymen attempt experiments in the occult together, and an uncanny blending of individualities results. Ethical, as well as psychological, problems are presented, and there are some striking scenes. The Century Co.

To note the first copyright-date—1907—on the title-page of Arnold Bennett's story, just now reprinted, is to marvel that three years could make the difference between "The Ghost," and "Clayhanger." An ingenious story of

a charming young actress and her lovers is "The Ghost"; the supernatural element is not too glaringly incredible; and possibly there are glimpses, now and then, of that shrewd insight into sordid human nature without which Arnold Bennett would not be Arnold Bennett. But of wit and satire there is nothing, nor of that wonderful realism which holds even the reluctant and rebellious reader. "The Ghost" may win a certain popular success, on its own merits as a semi-sensational story. But as a specimen of Arnold Bennett's work it can have only a curious interest. Small, Maynard & Co.

In "A Spirit of Mirth" Peggy Webbing describes the fortunes of a light-hearted, courageous young girl, orphaned by the death of her father, the "Human Eel" of a London pantomime, but taking under her care a simple-minded boy more helpless than herself. Gentle blood on the mother's side explains traits which might otherwise have seemed improbable, and Euphrosyne fairly earns her title. Actors and playwrights figure among the Bohemian group of friends who lend a helping hand, and incidentally give the author the chance for some character sketches of considerable cleverness. The early chapters of the book show promise of something quite out of the ordinary, but the plot takes a conventional turn in the second half, and the final impression is disappointing. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A readable, pleasant story, without problem or purpose, is Mrs. Hubert Barclay's "Trevor Lordship," and those in search of a novel to pass the time easily and not unwholesomely need go no further. Trevor Lordship is a comfortable English estate which falls un-

expectedly into the hands of a scholarly, laborious man who has been for fifteen years trying to make his fortune in the Colonies, and enables him to come home and marry the woman who has been waiting for him. The plot follows the development of the lives so suddenly reunited after so complete a separation, but romance of a different order is brought into it by two young wards who are staying in the house. The relation of a child to adopted parents has seldom been treated with more sincerity and pathos than in the chapter called "A Bolt from the Blue." The Macmillan Co.

Many of the stories in Josephine Daskam Bacon's latest volume, "While Caroline Was Growing" have appeared already in the magazines, but they will meet a cordial welcome in their present form. Caroline is a spirited, venturesome child, and her love for the open road leads her to forgather with tramps, surprise house-breakers and penetrate into private asylums, with results unexpected but interesting. Occasionally Mrs. Bacon uses her to point a moral in a high-handed fashion which she would certainly resent if she realized it, as when in "A Pillar of Society," she discovers in the deserted cabin in the woods the young pair who have run away, unmarried, to make their personal protest against an institution which falls short of their ideals; and is the means of bringing upon the scene a shrewd old woman who convinces them of their unwisdom and fetches a neighboring minister without more ado. But the stories are all readable, and marked by brilliant bits of description and character-drawing. The Macmillan Co.

The heroine of "The Chasm," by George Cram Cook, is a brilliant, beautiful, young Vassar graduate, hurrying home from a Continental tour to

win the consent of her father, a millionaire manufacturer of the Middle West, to her marriage with a Russian count. Before the count can overtake her, her fancy is caught by a young Socialist potting plants in her father's conservatories; they pass a thrilling day storm-bound together on an island where "a dear compulsion weaves its fairy meshes round their souls," and she kisses him, "in the mood of answered prayer." A few chapters on, she marries the count, and the rest of the book is devoted to her growing unhappiness with him, her friendship for a group of revolutionists on his estate, her narrow escape from extreme personal peril, and the re-appearance of "Walt." Solid paragraphs of Socialistic exposition mark the book as an attempt at a propaganda, and in spite of its crudeness it may be destined to form opinions for some of its readers. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

That the vagaries of modern "Yellow Journalism" are not so modern as we are sometimes tempted to think is suggested by some one who quotes the following from Dickens's account of the experiences of Martin Chuzzlewit with New York newspapers:

Here's this morning's *New York Sewer*! cried one (newsboy). Here's this morning's *New York Stabber*! Here's the *New York Family Spy*! Here's the *New York Private Listener*! Here's the *New York Peeper*! Here's the *New York Plunderer*! Here's the *New York Keyhole Reporter*! Here's the *New York Roudy Journal*! Here's all the New York papers! Here's the full particulars of the patriotic loco-foco movement yesterday, in which the whigs was so chewed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dool with Bowie knives; and all the political, commercial, and fashionable news. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!

Some of those cries are not unlike those that the twentieth century news-boy utters in New York and other cities.

Mr. Frank Warren Hackett's "Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is especially seasonable at a time when the world's attention is being increasingly directed to arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, and the Hague Tribunal stands at once an achievement and a prophecy of sane judicature among the nations. For the Geneva Tribunal did its work of peace long before such a tribunal as that at The Hague had been dreamed of, and it was called upon to settle a dispute of most menacing character between two of the greatest nations. Only those who personally recall the bitterness of the dispute over the Alabama claims, and the keenness of the resentment felt in this country toward England forty years ago, can fully realize all that was meant by the decisions of the Geneva Tribunal and their magnanimous acceptance by the defeated party to the litigation. Probably no one now living is so well qualified as Mr. Hackett to tell this story; for he was Caleb Cushing's secretary at the time, went with him to Geneva, and had intimate personal knowledge of all the negotiations and of all the details of the presentation of the American case. He writes of them fully and with due appreciation of their seriousness, yet not without a lighter touch here and there. The book is an important contribution to the history of one of the most significant and far-reaching incidents in American history.

A fascinating little volume that must not be left in the living-room if the members of the household are to get to their work at the proper hours is

"Diminutive Dramas" by Maurice Barling, whose "Dead Letters" will be remembered by many readers with keen pleasure. Appearing first in the "London Morning Post," these delightful satires are now collected in book form, twenty-two in number, of ten or twelve pages each—just the right length to read aloud, and then read another, and then another still, and then one more before we stop. The arrangement is charmingly careless of chronology, and a breakfast-table dispute between Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr, over the color of Alexander-the-Great's horse, is followed by the parting scene between Dido and Eneas, and then by a rehearsal of Macbeth in which Mr. Shakespeare is ordered to introduce into Mr. Burbage's part a soliloquy of thirty lines, if possible in rhyme, in any case ending with a tag. Then comes, with apologies to Mr. Maeterlinck, "The Blue Harlequin," one of the cleverest of all. "Caligula's Picnic," "Lucullus's Dinner-Party," "The Stoic's Daughter" and "Jason and Medea" show the writer's skill in presenting current fads in classic settings, seen to the very best advantage in "After Euripides' 'Electra,'" where a supper-party pass judgment on the play in thoroughly up-to-date fashion, among them the woman who loves the story and loves Clytemnestra's clothes,—that wonderful, dirty, wine-stained dress—and loves Socrates' little snub nose and adores Mid-Athenian things, so quaint and charming, and has had a wonderful day, and feels as if it had all happened to her. In "Rosamond and Eleanor," modern palmistry is smartly set off, and modern electioneering in "The Member for Literature." But the drollest figure of all is "King Alfred in the Neat-Herd's Hut," repeating "a few little things, mere trifles, composed in the marches during our leisure hours." Houghton & Mifflin Co.